The Outlook

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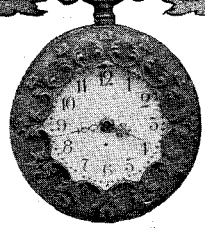

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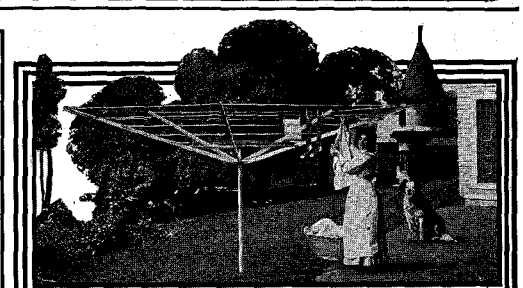

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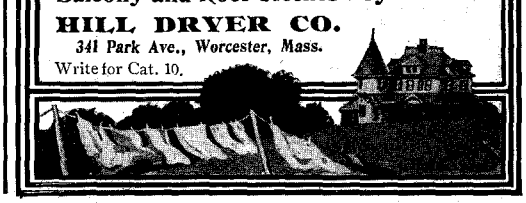

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1904

Republican Conventions

The Middle West has been the scene of some of the most interesting State Conventions in recent years. Republicans who have been deploring the dropping out of men of force and the lack of interest in party affairs should have their attention directed to Illinois and Wisconsin. In the former State the Republicans in convention fought for seven long days, with eight candidates for Governor in the field, and none of the three leading candidates could get within three hundred votes of a majority. With more than 1,500 delegates, the Convention reminded one of the great battles in the Republican party during the period when Blaine and Conkling were rivals for control. The Convention has now taken a recess until May 31, and efforts will be made in the meantime to bring about a compromise, in order to avoid the bolt which is threatened if any one of the three leading aspirants is chosen. These are Governor Richard Y. Yates, State's Attorney Charles S. Deneen, and Frank A. Lowden. Aside from the personality of the candidates, a point of great interest is the fight Mr. Lowden is making against Governor Yates, who is the candidate of the State machine, and that which Mr. Deneen is making against Mr. Lowden, who is supported by the Cook County, that is, the Chicago, machine. The situation might easily take a turn which would injure the Republican National ticket. As we are going to press efforts are being made to unite on Deneen, who has made a record fighting "bosses." In Wisconsin the party has long been rent into two factions, one headed by Governor La Follette, who is serving his second term of two years, the other by Postmaster-General Payne and Senators Spooner and Quarles. La Follette, who is a man of great natural force and a vigorous enemy of the trusts, an advocate of the extension of popular rights and privileges, and very popular throughout the State, is a candidate for a third term. The other faction claims to have elected a majority of the Convention, but the State Committee, which is controlled by La Follette, unseated enough hostile delegates to give him control. The other faction then bolted and nominated Samuel A. Cook for Governor. The two conventions nominated the same electors, so that at present no injury to the National ticket is threatened, but two sets of delegates were elected to the National Convention, and the Administration will have a difficult course to steer if it is to avoid incurring the hostility of one of the factions. The Outlook does not assume to judge as to the regularity of the two competing factions, but we have little doubt that La Follette represents a majority of the Republican voters. In Iowa the Republican faction, known as "Stand-Patters," led by Secretary of the Treasury Shaw and Senators Allison and Dolliver, defeated Governor Cummins, who has been advocating tariff revision and reciprocity on competitive and non-competitive products. Governor Cummins took his defeat gracefully and promised to stand on the platform. While the Republicans of Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin, California, and all the States which held late conventions were getting in line for a high protective tariff and ignoring real reciprocity, a movement started in New England for reciprocity treaties with Canada and Newfoundland was indorsed by a great mass-meeting held in Faneuil Hall and by a petition for reciprocity said to have the backing of 35,000 signatures. The speeches were directed largely at Senator Lodge, who is charged with the death of these treaties a year ago, and whose influence has been vigorously and so far effectively exerted against any material modifications in the present pro-

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tective tariff system. The Ohio Republican Convention was made conspicuous by the election of the notorious "Cincinnati Boss," George Cox, as a delegate at large to the National Convention. Senators Foraker and Dick and Governor Herrick complete the list. An amendment to the State Constitution was indorsed, separating State and local elections, and holding them alternately each fall. President Roosevelt's choice of Mr. George B. Cortelyou, the Secretary of the new Department of Commerce and Labor, for Chairman of the Republican National Committee, subject to his election by the Committee, came as a general surprise. Mr. Cortelyou's selection has been criticised by the politicians on the ground that he has had no experience in the actual manipulation of elections, but is welcomed by the press of different schools as an admirable one. He is a man possessing common sense, wide acquaintance, marked ability as an organizer, and great tact. His selection is taken in some quarters, whether correctly we do not venture to say, to mean that Mr. Roosevelt himself will exercise in a greater degree than is usual with a Presidential candidate the supervision of the campaign and a veto power on methods of the managers.

❀

Democratic Conventions

In the Democratic party the element represented by Mr. Hearst is being steadily pushed to the rear, although the effort to control a third of the delegates to the St. Louis Convention has not been abandoned. It is true that Mr. Hearst was able to get instructions in the Convention in his own State, California, but he is now losing ground rapidly. The strength of the conservative sentiment in the Democracy was perhaps more clearly shown in the Convention of the South Carolina Democrats. This Convention was dominated by Senator B. F. Tillman. Mr. Tillman was a radical of radicals in 1896 and 1900. He was not only a Bryan Democrat, but an extreme Populist. Yet the Convention which elected Senator Tillman as a delegate at large this year did not mention either of the last two National platforms, and did not repeat any of the issues which prevailed in the Chicago and Kansas City Conventions. It did not even favor a heavy reduction of the tariff, contenting itself with advising that the tariff be adjusted so as to compel manufacturers to sell as cheaply at home as abroad. The Wisconsin Democratic Convention instructed its delegates to vote for E. C. Wall for President. Mr. Wall is not seriously a candidate. He was a Cleveland Democrat who, in order to keep within his party, supported Bryan in 1896, but was selected as the best man to defeat Hearst in the State and hold the delegates together until they got to the Convention. In order to keep the delegates in line it was necessary to put in the platform a statement that the last National platform must be regarded as the Democratic code until a new platform is adopted. Preferences of delegates recently chosen show that Judge Parker is increasing his strength. Of the four delegates at large in South Carolina, when asked by resolution to declare their preference, three said they were for Parker "as at present advised." Senator Tillman refused to commit himself, but said Parker was acceptable to him. Of the ten Florida delegates elected in open primary seven are said, on good authority, to be for Parker, and three are classed for Hearst, but are expected to abandon him. The danger to Judge Parker from the factional struggle in New York is increasing, and may affect his availability.

❀

A Southern Governor's Views on Southern Questions

At his inauguration at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on May 16, Governor Newton C. Blanchard made an address which places him among progressive leaders in the South. About half of this address he devoted to the single topic of education. "The first need of the State is public education," he declared. "The public school is the only hope for the education of a great majority of our people." To make it clear that in referring to the people of the State he included the negroes, he said, "To close the door of hope against any child within the bor-

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ders of the State, whatever be his race or condition, by deliberately removing him from the possibility of securing such training as will fit him for the life he has to live, is illogical, unchristian, undemocratic, and un-American." It is true that he limited the usefulness and value of the negro to "his sphere," and stated that the proper lines for negro education were "mainly agricultural and industrial." But this does not alter the fact that he included the negroes within the people of the State for whom both the equal protection of the law and public education were "at once a duty and a necessity." In contrast with the spirit of this inaugural address is that of a statement issued on the same day and in the same city by a committee representing the superintendents of education in the Southern States, who advocated the promotion of public education solely on the ground that nothing was too good for "Southern children, through whose veins courses the purest strain of Anglo-Saxon blood on the continent." This statement was signed by the Superintendent representing South Carolina, which is justly proud of its people, "in whose veins courses" the blood of Huguenots who were not Anglo-Saxons at all, and by the Superintendent from Louisiana, which is also justly proud of its people, "in whose veins courses" chiefly the blood of French and Spanish Creoles. Governor Blanchard avoided both bad rhetoric and bad logic in basing his plea for public education, not on any pride of race, however justifiable, but on the needs of the children to be educated. Governor Blanchard also gave this warning against mob violence:

> Lynchings will not be permitted under any circumstances, if it be possible for the military at the command of the Governor to get there in time to prevent them. And if they occur before the intervention of the Executive can be made effective, inquiry and investigation will be made and prosecution instigated. Sheriffs will be held to the strictest accountability possible under the law for the safety from mob violence of persons in their custody. . . . The courts are adequate to the prompt vindication of the law and the punishment of crime.

This emphatic and explicit utterance against lawlessness will commend itself North and South. On one point Governor Blanchard's inaugural address may be questioned. Speaking of the segregation of the races, he says, "Separate schools, separate churches, separate cars, separate places of entertainment, will be enforced." A great many Southern people believe that one of the disasters of Reconstruction days was the effect of certain Northern teaching in gathering the negroes in separate negro churches. Distinction between the races, which is desirable and is supported by an overwhelming public sentiment, North as well as South, does not necessarily mean separation between the races in all their activities. Moreover, the State, however it may be justified in requiring that the public schools for the whites should be separate from the public schools for the negro, will not best serve its own interests by interfering with the action of private schools and churches. The whole tendency is naturally toward segregation; but to "enforce" this tendency may sometimes mean to check it. With this exception, we believe that Governor Blanchard's declaration will meet with the approval of intelligent public sentiment of the South, as it has with that of the press in his own State.

❀

Public Sentiment and the Pool-Rooms

The impossible has been accomplished. President Clowry, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, who a short time ago declared that the Western Union could not refuse to transmit the messages which furnished pool-rooms with racing news, issued two orders last week shutting off the connection between the pool-rooms and the race-tracks. By the first order he directed that the company should cease sending reports of horse-races to any subscribers in New York City. The pool-rooms nevertheless continued to do business. It did not take long for the public to find out that the pool-rooms were getting their news very promptly and satisfactorily over Western Union wires by way of other cities which were still furnished with racing news. This order, therefore, had very much the appearance of a subterfuge. But it soon became known that President Clowry

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had issued an order more sweeping still, effecting the discontinuance of the company's Racing Bureau. In other words, after a deal of shilly-shallying, the Western Union has come to the conclusion, apparently, that in face of an aroused public opinion it is no longer expedient to claim that the maintenance of a special service for the purpose of collecting and transmitting news, in which the company assumes the right of proprietorship, is identical with the transmission of messages submitted to it by the public. Almost immediately after the issuance of these orders Police Commissioner McAdoo, of New York City, directed and supervised a raid upon twenty-two pool-rooms in the city. It is said that no such concerted move on the part of the police has ever before taken place in New York. Men were arrested and instruments captured. As a result, the pool-room business in New York has become pretty thoroughly demoralized, or rather, as far as the law can make it so, moralized. As to whether this condition will be permanent many are frankly expressing their doubts. Captain Goddard, whose testimony concerning a few concrete and specified facts proved more effectual in rousing public opinion than all the sermons on gambling ever preached in New York, is among the skeptics. There is reason for his skepticism; for in spite of the vigorous and commendable measures which President Clowry has taken, he has still remained silent regarding the particular allegations which Captain Goddard made before the City Club. Nevertheless his action has had one welcome effect: it has shown how wholesome and efficient is public opinion in a great city. It is true that ex-Governor Black, of New York, has declared that this whole war against not only the pool-rooms (the evil of which Mr. Sullivan describes elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook), but against the complicity of a great corporation with illegal concerns, "reeks of hypocrisy." Such a view is always the refuge of cynics. Those who distrust the motives of their fellow-men are impregnable when they say that every appearance of good is only a cloak for evil. As we said last week, such a skepticism concerning any disinterested action is the natural outcome of the double standard which many men hold to, one for public and the other for private life. But skepticism of this sort in America is as yet sporadic; and those who are really leaders in American life believe that such expressions of popular opinion as have arisen from this pool-room situation in New York are sincere expressions of the consciences of the people.

❀

The Condition of the Pennsylvania Coal Fields

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, who, as our readers may recall, is the umpire on the Board of Conciliation organized at the time of the great anthracite coal strike for the purpose of adjusting difficulties which might arise between the operators and the miners, gives a somewhat glowing account of the successful operation of this method of settling and preventing disputes. There are, he says, about 150,000 persons affected by the award of the Coal Commission, and a variety of questions arising under that award, and it was natural to expect that a great number and variety of complaints would be brought before the Board of Conciliation. In fact, only 116 grievances have been presented in the course of the year; the Board has acted on 71; of these, 17 have been withdrawn, 18 have been adjusted locally without the action of the Board, and of the remaining 36, 19 have been decided against the complainants (who, we judge, are in all cases miners) and 17 in their favor. From Mr. Wright's report one would imagine that the difficulties in the coal fields are, if not over, at least greatly lessened and put in the way of final pacific settlement. *Per contra*, Mr. Guy Warfield, who has been studying conditions in the coal fields for the "World's Work," part of the time living with the miners and working among them as a non-union man, gives in that periodical a very different picture of the prevailing sentiment among the miners. He sums up his report by the declaration that the Board of Conciliation has proved a greater advantage to the operators than to the miners, that the change from a

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ten-hour to a nine-hour day has been more nominal than real, that the old labor difficulties still exist, that the average miner is as dissatisfied as ever, regards arbitration as a failure, and is looking forward to 1906 to bring it to an end. We have great confidence in the judicial fairness of Mr. Carroll D. Wright's reports, but he is not in a position to know the real sentiment of the miners, which cannot be represented by statistics. Mr. Warfield seems to have enjoyed unusual opportunities to ascertain these sentiments, but a non-union man might be expected to get the worst side of public opinion in the mines, and Mr. Warfield does not appear to us to make sufficient allowance for the fact that miners are apt to be chronic grumblers—of that we think there is very little doubt. Probably the truth lies somewhere between these two reports. To the third party, the general public, the most immediately interesting fact stated by either of these reports is Mr. Warfield's statement that the price of coal has been so raised that the operators have practically received for their coal about $75,000,000 additional since the coal strike and as a direct result of it. If this is true, it is clear that the general public have yet to take some action to protect themselves against exorbitant charges for necessary fuel.

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The English in Tibet

No clear account has come of the action of the English Government with relation to the so-called "mission" commanded by Colonel Younghusband in Tibet. Two weeks ago it was reported that the Ministry had determined to abandon the attempt to establish a Resident at Lhasa and to withdraw the expedition; then followed a spectacular battle on a pass at a great altitude, where the Tibetans and the British forces fought above the clouds on what has been picturesquely called "the roof of the world;" an engagement as serious to the English and as fatal to the Tibetans as the battle reported three weeks ago. The Government has since announced through one of its members in the House of Commons that, without changing its policy, it is determined now to push the expedition to an end. Precisely why the Government should take this attitude it is difficult to understand, unless it has yielded to the traditional attitude of Governments when they are met by opposition in bad enterprises, and because they have been checked must lose prestige unless they go to the bitter end; as if prestige depended solely on success and not at all on the moral character of the policy. It was this feeling that you must not give up when you are beaten, even if you ought to be beaten, which made Mr. Gladstone's action after Majuba so unpopular. Tibet is unwilling to be invaded and to have an English Resident established at her capital, which has been sacred as the religious and political seat of the nation for many centuries. The English attempt to force their way into Lhasa, the Tibetans resist with immense courage, and are only overcome by the superiority of arms in the hands of civilized men; therefore, according to the reasoning of the Ministry, the expedition must go on, no matter at what loss to the Tibetans or expense to Great Britain, until the British have proved to the Tibetans that British power can conquer them and a British Resident can be established in Lhasa, and then, according to this reasoning, if the Ministry chooses, it can abandon the attempt, decline to establish a Resident, and withdraw its forces. "That strange force," says the "Spectator," "which has so often driven the English forward against their will, appears to be in operation once more." That force in this case, as in many other cases, is nothing more or less than the unwillingness to accept a repulse, even when there is a general feeling that repulse is deserved. The present Lama, unlike his predecessors, has lived to be more than thirty years of age and has escaped the poisoning which the power behind the throne has heretofore administered to the incarnation of Buddha. There is reason to believe that he is an able man and a strong one as well. He probably knows little of the resources of civilization, and has little with which to meet its armaments and its military skill; but

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he has enormous advantages in the character of his country, which is an immense upland, where the British forces will be compelled to fight at an elevation greater than that of the High Alps. Even if the British expedition succeeds, the success is likely to be a barren one and the results of the expedition out of all proportion to its cost in life and money.

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The Japanese Naval Disaster

The loss of the Japanese battle-ship Hatsuse was almost a repetition of that of the Russian Petropavlovsk. The Hatsuse was one of the finest of the six battle-ships in the Japanese navy. Her destruction was caused by a floating mine—one, it appears, of many placed secretly by the Russian torpedo destroyers. The Russian flotilla of small craft evidently made its way at night through the channel at Port Arthur (which is still, it is believed, blocked for large vessels but passable for small ships) and strewed with mines a particular section of the sea which the Russians had noted was usually passed over by the Japanese fleet in its direct progress toward Port Arthur. The Hatsuse, on striking one of these mines, sank almost but not quite as quickly as did the Petropavlovsk. It is said that of perhaps nine hundred, three hundred were saved, including Admiral Mashiba and Captain Nakao. On the same day (May 15) the Japanese cruiser Yoshino was accidentally rammed by another Japanese ship and seriously injured, but not beyond possibility of repair, while the destroyer Akatsuki was struck by a Russian shell near Port Arthur, with a loss of twenty-five men. These disasters, although offset in part by the loss of the Russian cruiser Bogatyr, which ran upon the rocks not far from Vladivostok, and by a serious accident to the Russian battle-ship Orel at Cronstadt, diminished but did not destroy the Japanese superiority at sea. It may be pointed out also that even were this preponderancy altogether overcome, yet the Japanese have already gained from their naval superiority the safe transport of their armies to advanced points. The frightful loss of life and destruction of enormous vessels on which skill and capital have been unstintedly lavished will have its effect on the way in which naval experts regard the great problems of their profession. One general feeling is expressed tersely by an English paper which says: "The loss of the Hatsuse shows how slight comparatively is the tenure on which maritime superiority is held. A battle-ship is the equivalent of at least an army corps, but an army corps cannot be annihilated in five minutes because a non-commissioned officer has lost his head or because a dashing subaltern of the enemy's cavalry has risked his life on a forlorn hope. This is what may come about at sea at any moment."

❀

The Military Campaign

The authors of some of the conflicting and even absurd despatches about the movements of armies in the Far East almost seem to imagine that the Japanese and Russians are operating on a great plain furnished with admirable roads running in every direction. The repeated report, for instance, that the Japanese army had attained a position north of Mukden is, on its face, all but incredible to one who examines a good map of the region. In point of fact, from Fengwangcheng, to which the Japanese advanced from the Yalu River, there are only two roads passable for an army with artillery toward the north and west. One of these runs northerly and at the railway line enters Liaoyang, which may be regarded as marking the main advanced position of the Russians. The other runs nearly west to Haicheng, crossing the railroad there and going on to Niuchuang. While it is quite possible that the Russians may fall back from Liaoyang to Mukden (despatches from St. Petersburg have, indeed, rather suspiciously reported that this was the Russian purpose), it seems far more probable that they will attempt to check the Japanese advance at some point not far from Liaoyang, because that vicinity is hilly and the road passes through defiles which make it eminently suitable for a strong defensive position, while as the country approaches Mukden it becomes open and level. Evidently the

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Russians believe that the Japanese are about to occupy Niuchuang, although at present no large Japanese force seems to be near that place. The Japanese may accomplish this by advancing part of the first army (that which came from the Yalu) along the road through Haicheng of which we have just spoken, or may land a force on the coast of the Liaotung Peninsula at or near Yingkow, which is the port of Niuchuang. There are repeated rumors that such a force has been actually landed, but it does not seem to be an established fact that the Japanese have done more than send vessels with small forces to examine the position. It seems probable that the advance of the Japanese in force, when it comes, will be from at least three directions, of which the road from Niuchuang is extremely likely to be one. Meanwhile the large division of the Japanese army which landed in the southern part of the Liaotung Peninsula under the command of General Oku has thrown up intrenchments and formally besieged Port Arthur. The opposing forces appear to occupy the two ends of the narrow isthmus connecting Port Arthur with the mainland. Despatches from Tokyo assert that an attempt will be made to take Port Arthur by storm before long, in order that the ships in the harbor may be destroyed and the Russians' plan of sending the Baltic fleet to their support be prevented. If this is a correct statement of intention, the world will probably see one of the most hard-fought and bloody assaults of modern times.

❀

France and the Pope

The withdrawal of M. Nisard, the French Ambassador, from the Vatican apparently marks a crisis in the relations between the French Government and the Pope; for the breaking of diplomatic relations is always a matter of serious significance, and the report that the Pope is greatly concerned at this action of the Government is probably in accord with the fact. No one questions the piety, sincerity, and geniality of Pius X.; but it was pointed out at the time of his election that he had had slight opportunities of knowing the Catholic world outside of Italy, and that he would bring to the Vatican a profoundly religious spirit but not the extraordinary diplomatic knowledge and tact of Leo XIII. The authority of the Papacy, as was pointed out in these columns a few weeks ago, no longer rests on its claims, but depends largely on the character of the governing Pope. Leo, by reason of his statesmanlike qualities and his extraordinary political sagacity, had gained for the Papacy a position of great influence in the world. That position may be easily lost; and it may be lost quite as readily under the guidance of a sincere, religious man like the present Pope as under the guidance of a reckless and unscrupulous ecclesiastic; for it depends on wide knowledge of the modern spirit and of the temper of the different nations, and on tact in dealing with them. For the conflict in France Leo XIII. was probably in no way responsible. Again and again, by written and by spoken word, he urged upon the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics of that country the duty and policy of heartily accepting the Republic and of keeping in step with the movement of the French people. Unfortunately, many of the higher French Roman ecclesiastics declined to follow the leadership of Leo, and needlessly irritated and in many cases openly opposed the authority and the policy of the Government, until they succeeded in creating the impression throughout non-Catholic circles, and, for that matter, among many Catholics, that they were doing all they could to undermine the Republic by sowing the seeds of disaffection in the schools throughout France. The conflict between the Government and the Roman Catholic hierarchy has steadily grown more acute. It culminated in the drastic legislation which closed, or is closing, all schools taught by the religious orders in France, expelling many of the members of those orders, closing their houses, and removing all emblems and symbols of the Catholic faith from the court-houses in France. It has now received fresh impulse by the action of the Pope in sending letters of protest to the various courts of Europe against the visit of President Loubet to the King of Italy.

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The Pope's Position

The Papacy, refusing to accept the logic of events, regards the presence of the King of Italy and his authority in the city of Rome as a usurpation, insists that the Pope is a prisoner within the Vatican grounds, demands that all Catholic countries shall respect the theory of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope in Rome, and as part of this policy holds that Catholic sovereigns cannot go to Rome as the guests of the King of Italy. It will be remembered that on recent occasions when Rome was visited by the King of England and the Emperor of Germany, both were received by the Pope, and they took every occasion, while not recognizing the Catholic point of view, to treat the Pope with the courtesy due to a sovereign. President Loubet, on the other hand, was the guest exclusively of the King of Italy, and did not present himself at the Vatican. Whether the Pope would have received him or not is an open question; it was seriously discussed for months before his visit. In any event, his visit to Rome was made without any attempt on the part of President Loubet to see the Pope. The Pope has not only protested against this action of President Loubet, but in language which has so irritated the French Government as to bring about a rupture of diplomatic relations, to cause very considerable excitement in France, and to bring appreciably nearer the discussion of the abolition of the Concordat. The Radicals and Socialists in France are already demanding that Church and State shall be entirely separated, and that the Concordat shall be denounced—an action which would involve a loss of more than ten millions yearly income to the Catholic clergy of France. The action of the Pope appears to be generally regarded in Europe as hasty and ill advised. There are reasons for believing, however, that it was made on his own initiative and as an expression of his strong and sincere feeling for the dignity and independence of the Church. It is unfortunate that he should have contributed heat rather than light to the conflict between the French Liberals and the Roman Catholic Church in France.

The New French Academician

In a personal interview with a Frenchwoman pre-eminent in the field of literature, Tolstoy once remarked that among modern novels the one that impressed him particularly was "La Terre qui Meurt," because he found in it so many things applicable to Russia as well as to France; and now comes the announcement, within three years of the appearance of that notable work "Les Oberlé," that its gifted young author, René Bazin, has been chosen to fill the chair in the French Academy left vacant by the venerable M. Legouvé. At the formal reception in honor of the new Academician, M. Brunetière took advantage of the opportunity it afforded to comment, not only on the novel in general, but upon this new novelist in particular, as a representative of the social tendency in fiction, and to preach anew his doctrine that literature must be judged according to its social implications. Taking Flaubert as a master of the French naturalistic school, he pointed out that, in his opinion, the great error of realists was that they did not love the creatures which their genius created, that they showed no pity, and studied the lowly world only to ridicule it, and that therefore Truth, which in order to be found must be loved, withheld herself from them. Of Brunetière, Tolstoy once said, "I love him because he has proved the bankruptcy of science." At the end of his eloquent address M. Brunetière said: ". . . Though we did not exist, the world of science would be about what it is; . . . though we were not, the planets would none the less swing their orbits across infinite space; and it does not seem probable that, if we should disappear from the surface of the earth, nature and life would be annihilated with us. . . . But Art! What is art without man? . . . Art has no reality except for man and by man. . . . That is why the first condition of art is to be human, even before it is art." René Bazin's work is strongly infused with the humanitarian spirit; and it is not to be assumed from M. Brunetière's remarks that Flaubert is dethroned simply because a union of Pity and Literature has produced so excellent a social

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novel as "Les Oberlé." Following closely on M. Bazin's election comes the announcement of the sudden death, at the age of seventy-six, while presiding at a meeting, of M. Octave Gréard, who had been for twenty-nine years a member of the Academy of Moral Sciences, and for eighteen years one of the "Immortals" of the French Academy. In point of fact, M. Gréard's death occurred a day previous to the date set for the reception of M. Bazin, illustrating anew the proverb that the Forty are never long *forty*. From the time when he was enrolled as a student at the École Normale, at the age of twenty-one, until his death, M. Gréard identified himself closely with university work; and the value of his services in bringing about the renewal of State education in France can hardly be overestimated. He taught for a time at Metz and Versailles in the provincial colleges, and in 1865, having gained the degree of LL.D., was appointed a director of primary education in the Department of the Seine, Paris. In 1879 he was appointed to the highest post conferred by the French Academy, that of vice-rector, which he filled until a year ago, when, at his request, it was transferred to M. Liard, also a professional universitarian. M. Gréard found relaxation from his cares as teacher, director, and president of university and State education in writing books on his favorite topic, and a number of important volumes on education are the fruits of his efforts.

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The Presbyterian Assembly: A Great Sermon

The Outlook has more than once in recent years commented on the failure of so influential a body as the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, through engrossment with theological and ecclesiastical interests, to give attention to the grave moral evils prevailing in commercial and political life. In noteworthy contrast to past silence was the trumpet-call sounded in the sermon of the retiring Moderator, Dr. Coyle, of Denver, when the Assembly convened at Buffalo last week. In Colorado, where social tension and disorder have been specially acute, Dr. Coyle has been led to consider whither things are drifting. He notes among masses of the people a drift away from organized Christianity, and a bitter hostility to the Church. Next, he notes "the drift of the people in general away from lofty ideals. . . . The taint of graft is everywhere. . . . Our ideals of honesty have gone down. . . . The Puritan conscience, which put rock foundations under this Republic, is gone or going, and in its place has come the canker of fraud and knavishness. . . . Our ideals of the home have gone down. . . . Our ideals of reverence have gone down." As to the Church, Dr. Coyle compared it to Hannibal's army enervated by a winter of pleasure in Capua, "losing in luxurious living the spirit of the old heroisms that made history." This report of things was no jeremiad, he said, but the drum-beat for a charge. The need of the hour is the restoration of the ethical ideals inspired and sustained by religion. After specifying the lines of this effort, Dr. Coyle insisted on the need of leadership, both in the laity and the ministry, of strong and devoted men. The ministry, he said, "needs sifting even more than it needs recruiting." This remarkable discourse, nothing like which has been heard in the Assembly for many a year, while resonant with intense conviction of a moral crisis both in society and in the Church, was also optimistic in its forecast of a moral awakening. Wherever read, it can hardly fail to have a tonic effect. Thus far the other most important proceedings have been, first, the election of a Moderator, the Rev. J. Addison Henry, D.D., of Philadelphia, which the Assembly surprised itself by effecting suddenly by a *viva voce* vote; next, the passage of a resolution designed to promote reunion with the Southern Presbyterian Church by formally removing all aspersions reflecting on its Christian character at the time of its separation at the beginning of the Civil War. The announcement of this action was received with enthusiastic applause by the Southern Presbyterian Assembly in session at Mobile. The effect of this action may be, if followed up wisely and energetically, far-reaching and of National import.

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The Church's Judicial System

One of the most important matters to come before the Presbyterian General Assembly is the report of the special committee on Judicial Commissions, of which the Rev. Dr. John W. Dinsmore is chairman. This report provides that the General Assembly shall elect a "Permanent Judicial Commission of the General Assembly," to be composed of eight ministers and seven ruling elders, of whom not more than two shall belong to the same Synod. Five of this Commission are to be elected each year, to serve for three years, so that the Commission cannot be changed suddenly by a factional majority. The decision of this Judicial Commission is to be regarded as the preliminary, not the final, judgment in the case, and is to be reported to the General Assembly, where it may be "affirmed, reversed, modified, suspended, or remitted for further hearing." If the case be not remitted, the decision of the General Assembly shall be held as its final judgment. The report also provides for Presbyterial and Synodical Commissions which serve the purpose of lower courts. In our opinion, it would have been better to have made the decision of the Judicial Commission final; but it is not probable that the General Assembly would consent to relegate its judicial powers absolutely to such a commission, and, on the other hand, it may be assumed that the decision of the Commission would not be reversed or modified by the General Assembly except in either an extraordinary mistrial or under the pressure of a very strong popular sentiment in the Church. We hope to see this report adopted by the General Assembly. It appears to us that it would supply in the Presbyterian system of government a factor which has been greatly needed in order to make that system conform to those principles which the experience of mankind has indicated are necessary to the administration of justice.

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The Election of Methodist Bishops

The quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in session at Los Angeles, California, has performed the delicate task of retiring certain bishops and electing new ones to take their places and the places of those who have died during the past four years. One Bishop, the Rev. Stephen M. Merrill, retired on his own motion. Five others, Bishops Andrews, Foss, Mallelieu, Vincent, and Walden, were retired by vote of the Conference. Of these, Bishop Vincent is probably most widely known outside of the Methodist Church as the head of the Chautauqua movement. When the characteristic Methodist camp-meetings, in which religion took largely an emotional form, became decadent, as unfitted to the times, Bishop Vincent had the statesmanship to replace them with gatherings in which religion has taken largely an educational form. In this Bishop Vincent rendered a service not only to Methodism, but to intelligent spiritual life throughout the United States. The men selected as bishops are all men already eminent within the Methodist Church. Dr. A. F. Berry is the editor of the "Epworth Herald" and a leader of young people's organizations. Dr. Burt, who will probably take Bishop Vincent's place in directing work on the continent of Europe, has since 1886 had charge of the Methodist churches in certain Italian cities. Dr. Charles W. Bashford is President of Ohio Wesleyan University. Chancellor James R. Day, head of Syracuse University, has been known as one of the leaders in adjusting theological thought in the Church to conditions of present-day knowledge. Dr. W. F. McDowell and Dr. T. B. Neely have been secretaries of church organizations, the former of the Ecclesiastical Board, the latter of the Sunday-School Union and the Tract Society. Dr. Spellmeyer and Dr. Wilson have been known as pastors of large churches.

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Creed Revision in the Church of England

The Church of England has at last given official recognition and cautious approval to the discontent with the so-called Athanasian Creed that has long been expressed by influential churchmen. By the casting vote of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the Upper House of Convocation, a resolution was carried to raise a com-

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mittee to consider in what way the present use of the Creed may be modified. It appeared in the debate that many devout persons absented themselves from church on the occasions when the Creed is to be recited, because of objection to its damnatory clauses against those who do not accept it. The Creed, often termed the "Quicumque Vult" from its opening words, signifying "Whoever wishes" [to be saved], is a ninth-century production by an unknown author. The clauses objected to condition salvation upon acceptance of its Trinitarian propositions. The resolution adopted by Convocation is aimed only at these clauses as occasioning agitation in the Church, and expressly affirms the doctrinal statements of the Creed as "the necessary basis on which the teaching of the Church reposes." It was pointed out that the damnatory clauses objected to were really no part of the Creed itself, but merely its setting, and that these were the occasion of "a tremendous feeling of dissatisfaction and unrest." Bishop Gore took a prominent part in the debate, and the resolution adopted was substantially his proposition. That so guarded a proposition should have so narrowly escaped defeat indicates the strength of the forces in the Established Church that still oppose the most salutary change.

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The Anarchist Case

The Supreme Court of the United States has unanimously affirmed the legality of the deportation of John Turner, the Anarchist, and the constitutionality of the law under which he was deported. This law contains two provisions, one forbidding the entrance into the United States of "polygamists, anarchists, or persons who believe in or advocate the overthrow by force or violence of the Government of the United States, or of all governments or of all forms of law, or the assassination of public officials;" the other, of any "person who disbelieves in or who is opposed to all organized government, or who is a member of or affiliated with any organization entertaining and teaching such disbelief in or opposition to all organized government." Mr. Turner came to this country to promulgate the theory of Anarchism, was arrested and was about to be deported under this law, when an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States. Its decision may be epitomized thus: Mr. Turner avowed himself an Anarchist, without defining the term; he may therefore be assumed to have used the word in its popular sense, and there is some ground in the language of the statute for regarding this popular definition as also the statutory definition; but even if this were not the case, he clearly came under the second section of the law, prohibiting those who disbelieve in or are opposed to all organized government from landing upon our shores, and was lawfully subject to deportation under that clause of the law. And this law is Constitutional.

"Congress has the power to exclude aliens from the United States; to prescribe the terms and conditions on which they may come in;" "the deportation of an alien who is found to be here in violation of law is not a deprivation of liberty without due process of law;" "the provisions of the Constitution securing the right of trial by jury have no application." In other words, the Constitution of the United States applies to and is a protection of the people of the United States. It does not apply to and is not a protection of aliens. The power of Congress to determine who and who may not land upon our shores is an absolute power.

The decision in this respect follows in its spirit the decision which had previously been made respecting the constitutionality of the Chinese Exclusion law, and the decisions of the Court in the Porto Rican and Philippine cases, that residents of territory acquired by war or purchase by the United States are not citizens of the United States. To The Outlook this decision appears to be a logical step in that modern movement toward increased National powers which is alike inevitable and beneficent in our National affairs.

A third question was raised by the deportation of Turner, on which of course the Court expressed no opinion;

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namely, whether the law under which he was deported ought not to be changed. The Outlook is still of the opinion which it has heretofore expressed, that a modification of Section 38 of the act of March 3, 1903, is desirable, that it is inexpedient to exclude from the United States persons simply because of their opinions, and that such exclusion should apply only to those who come for the purpose of teaching opinions which are subversive of government and are directly or indirectly inciting to violence. But this clearly is a political, not a judicial, question, to be determined by the people of the United States acting through their constituted representatives in Congress, not for the people by the Supreme Court considering the Constitution. It may be added that probably under the law as it now stands the academic discussion of philosophical Anarchism will not be prevented, and that only Anarchists of the type of John Turner, who advocate strife and violence, will in fact be deported.

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A Drama from the Far East

The most interesting recent events in the history of the serious drama have been the production in this country of "Everyman," of a group of Shakespearean plays in the manner of Shakespeare's time by the Ben Greet Company, and of "Alcestis" by a group of Greeks resident in New York. To these must be added the production of the Hindu classic drama "Sákoontalá" by the Senior Class of Smith College at the approaching Commencement season. For many years the graduating class at Smith has given interpretations of Shakespearean plays with notable success. The performances have always been beautifully staged, and have embodied so much intelligent educational work that they have been surprisingly well done. This year, by a fortunate choice made long before hostilities had broken out in the Far East, the class of 1904 has broken away from the Shakespearean tradition and selected an Oriental play of very high quality. This action seems to have been actuated by a prophetic instinct, for nothing could be more timely in view of the immense interest in all expressions of Oriental life which has taken possession of the Western world, and which is increasingly to attract not only students, but intelligent men and women everywhere, to the literature, thought, habits, and manners of the East.

There are other plays which more intimately portray and more vividly present popular life than the "Sákoontalá," written probably not later than the sixth century of the Christian era by Kálidása, who has been called "the Shakespeare of the Hindu drama." This play bears the stamp of the classic quality and attitude. It is, in a certain way, highly conventionalized. Like all the classic dramas, it brings on the stage heroic or semi-divine characters, and deals only with good deeds, for one characteristic of this drama is the absence of tragedy. Its strength does not lie in vivid picturing of the times in which it is written, or in intimate characterization of familiar types of character; it is idealistic in sentiment and elaborate in form, making its first appeal to a highly cultivated rather than to a popular audience. This does not mean, however, that it is in any sense artificial. It is, on the other hand, vitalized throughout by a beautiful imagination, and it does not lack contrasts of character. Classic though it is, it belongs to a drama which more closely paralleled in its conditions the Shakespearean than the old classic stage. The aim of the Indian dramatist is not to present types but clearly to realize individuals; to awaken the emotions of terror and pity, as the drama has always done since the time of Aristotle, but to tranquilize in a certain sense even more than to purify, by the happy issue of the most unpromising conditions. These dramas, like the plays of Shakespeare's time, introduce romantic, legendary, and even fabulous elements. Like the plays of Shakespeare, they use both prose and verse, combining with Shakespearean freedom the comic and the serious, introducing, after the Shakespearean manner, a clown or buffoon, who is often a man of high rank, but whose function it is to serve as

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a contrast to the hero or heroes, to relieve the strain of the situation, and to suggest the mingled elements of which life is composed. These plays are rich in lyrical passages after the Shakespearean manner. The stage appointments, as in the sixteenth century, were meager and rudimentary, and the device of describing a scene which could not be represented to the eye was freely employed by the Indian dramatists, as it was by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. These passages, usually put in the form of four-line stanzas, are often of striking lyrical beauty and are written in many different meters, for the resources of the Indian poet in the matter of meters were almost boundless, the first thirty-four stanzas of "Sákoontalá" presenting eleven varieties of verse. Presented after the manner of the earliest English plays, not in special theaters, but in the great rooms of palaces, making their appeal to the imagination rather than to the eye of their auditors, dealing continually, as the Shakespearean dramatists did, with stories, legends, and historical incidents familiar to the audience, even the classic plays which did not aim to teach the life of the time intimately and realistically had great popular vogue.

Kálidása rises above his contemporaries in his own field very much as did Shakespeare above the dramatists of his time. A master of the language of his race, with an Oriental imagination, extremely sensitive to beauty of every kind, with a prodigal fancy, great tenderness of feeling, and the most delicate taste, Kálidása knew how to give the passion of love its full expression and yet keep it always within those bounds of moderation which the genius of India rarely respected. It was this sense of proportion, the lack of which is one of the greatest defects in the Hindu mind, which commanded for Kálidása the admiration of Goethe and which drew from him the most extravagant praise of the "Sákoontalá." In his nice sense of proportion, the poise and balance of his genius, Kálidása might be called the Sophocles of the Hindu drama. The "Sákoontalá," translated by the eminent Oriental scholar, Monier-Williams, nearly fifty years ago, was reprinted in this country twenty years ago by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. (New York), and has been edited very sparingly and judiciously in order to bring it within the possibilities of representation at Northampton in June. The story is a very simple one. The hero, King Dushyanta, while on a hunting expedition comes accidentally into a sacred grove and sees there Sákoontalá, the daughter of a great sage and a nymph, falls in love with her, discovers that his affection is returned very much in the Romeo and Juliet fashion at first glance, marries her, and returns to his home. Everything would have been well had not Sákoontalá been so preoccupied by her romance as to have neglected somewhat the formalities of hospitality in receiving an ill-tempered ascetic of great distinction, who promptly curses her by declaring that she will be forgotten by her lover, and then, having repented, bestows a ring upon her which when presented to the King will recall her to his memory.

Sákoontalá sets out to present herself at court, and to be acknowledged by her husband, but, unfortunately, loses the ring in crossing a river, and when she comes before the King, Dushyanta, while he treats her with courtesy, has no remembrance of her. The unhappy wife, with her child, abandons hope, and is carried off to the mountains by celestial aid. Fortunately, a fisherman recovers the ring, and it comes into the possession of the King, who now recalls Sákoontalá, and is plunged in despair by the story of his rejection of her. He sets out to find her, enters the mountains, comes upon his own child playing with a lion's cub, recognizes him, and Sákoontalá and her hero-king are reunited.

This play is an idyllic drama, with a marked element of the comic running through it, but with a dominant note of tender sentiment, and bathed in a beautiful glow of the imagination. It abounds in exquisite descriptions of nature, for nature plays a great part in the Indian drama. Humboldt characterizes Kálidása as "a masterly describer of the influence which nature exercises upon the minds of lovers; . . . tender-

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ness in the expression of feeling and richness of creative fancy have assigned to him his lofty place among the poets of all nations."

Entirely aside from the beauty of this typical Indian drama, great interest will attach to it by reason of its antiquity. It antedates by many centuries all existing Occidental dramas written subsequent to the classic period, and is the flower of a civilization which had come to maturity in the far East while modern civilization was in its earliest stages in the West. Its presentation at Smith College ought to stimulate the interest of the West in the poetry of the East, which has suffered so much from the hands of Western interpreters eager to emphasize its mystical qualities, and often missing entirely its real spiritual significance, and, above all, its value as literature and its beauty as poetry.

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The Right Use of the Bible

Dr. Doane, the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany, in preaching last week the baccalaureate sermon before the graduates of the General Theological Seminary on "The Right Use of the Holy Scriptures," is reported to have made the following pregnant, significant, and, as it seems to us, wholly sound declaration:

> Granted that men have held hard and narrow notions about the Bible; that they have been deluded into the absurdity of imagining that its truth could only have been kept by mechanical and verbal inspiration; that they have held that every detail in it must be accepted as though it were accurate, modern, scientific utterance; that they have held that all its honest acknowledgment of the extreme earthiness of the vessels in which the treasure of continuous teaching was conveyed is meant to be God's warrant for cruelty and lust and wrong; granted that we must hold in abeyance our childhood's impression of the authorship of certain books; granted that the Pentateuch may be traced to an earlier compilation, and that the four Gospels may have had a further back and earlier matrix from which they were formed; granted all this, and yet the great structural soundness of the Bible remains untouched.

That many of those who have been educated in the older views of the Bible should think that the modern view is subversive of faith in the Bible is not strange, since it certainly is subversive of the views which they formerly entertained. Modern scholars tell us, for example, that the first five books of the Bible were not written by Moses; that very few of the Psalms were written by David; that the Book of Isaiah is a composition made up of the writings of many different prophets—that at least a century intervenes between the earlier and the later writings; that the Books of Esther and Ruth and Jonah and Job are fictions, though more or less founded upon fact. They tell us, furthermore, that inspiration does not involve infallibility; that the men who wrote these books were, as Paul describes himself, men of like passions as we ourselves are, that they knew in part and prophesied in part, that sometimes the statements of one writer must be corrected by the statements of a later writer, that inspiration did not make their writings absolutely, certainly, unquestionably true. These statements, and they are only illustrative, are unquestionably subversive of the orthodox views of the Bible half a century ago.

But between an overthrow of the Bible and an overthrow of men's theories about the Bible there is a very great difference. For it is a curious fact, and a significant one, that on many of these questions, if not on all of them, the Bible itself has absolutely nothing to say. For example, the Bible does not tell us who wrote the Book of Genesis. The Book of Deuteronomy purports to be a series of addresses delivered by Moses, but the Book of Deuteronomy does not tell us whether he wrote the addresses and they were printed from his writing, or they were given extemporaneously and taken down by a reporter, or a hearer embodied the substance of them in a book, or whether they were really not given at all by Moses, but some writer took his reported teachings as they had come down to a later age, some of them in writing and some of them in oral legend, and combined and reinterpreted them for the

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purpose of making them clear. The Psalms do not tell us who are the authors of the Psalms. It is true that, in our English Bible, in the headings of individual Psalms we find the phrase "A Psalm of David," but these headings are no part of the original Scriptures; they are comments added later. So we have no statement as to whether Esther and Ruth and Jonah and Job are historical or not. We are left to form our own judgment from the structure of each book whether it be fiction or history. Moreover, the Bible has very little to say about inspiration. There is a great deal of discussion among theologians about the nature of inspiration, what it is, how it operates, how far it saved the writers from any error or mistake; but the Bible does not discuss this question at all; indeed, the word inspiration occurs only twice in all the Bible, and only once with reference to the Bible.

The value of the Bible is not dependent upon the determination of debatable questions of date, or authorship, or literary character, nor even upon theories of inspiration. The claim of the Bible is all summed up in the words of one of its Old Testament prophets: "The glory of the Lord shall be revealed."

This is the object of the Bible—to unveil God. In the old Egyptian temple was a great curtain separating the Holy of Holies from the outer temple, and over it were written the words, "I am that which is, has been, and shall be. My veil no one has lifted." The Bible replies: We, prophets and apostles, and Jesus Christ of whom we are the foreteller and representative, we will draw aside this veil. The glory of God is hidden from men. They do not recognize him. As Jesus Christ walked among men and his divineness was not perceived, so God still walks among men and his divineness is not perceived. He is incognito. The object of the Bible is to reveal him. When it has accomplished its end, the veil will be drawn aside; he will no longer be incognito; he will be unveiled; his glory will be perceived, recognized, understood.

The Bible is a library composed of many kinds of literature—law, history, poetry, philosophy, and whatever other form literature has taken. It is the literature of a great people. What distinguishes it from other literature is that in and through all its forms God is unveiled as the Eternal Verity behind all phenomena. The lawmakers interpreted law as issuing from God, as the utterances of his will, and as deriving its authority from his sovereignty. The historians perceived God as the directing force shaping history to a great end, and working out through human instrumentalities the kingdom of God on the earth, and they wrote history for the purpose of revealing God in the course of human events. The poets saw behind the veil of human experience and of natural phenomena the divine at work in the world—in nature and in men—and they drew aside the veil and showed us God, the Infinite and Eternal Energy from whom all things proceed, the Father guiding, directing, inspiring the life of his children. This is what the Bible claims for itself: that it is an unveiling of God, that it shows him where other men had not seen him, that it points out the mystic force in life which transcends all other forces, and teaches us that this is the force of a Living, Personal God, of a Ruler of Men, of a King of Nations, of a Father of Humanity.

This unveiling of God does not depend upon questions of date, or authorship, or literary structure, nor even upon a theory of inspiration. The unveiling of God in law, that is, in the human conscience, might have been done by Moses, and it might have been done just as truly and effectively by some one else writing the Pentateuch. It might have been done in the year 4000 B.C., and it might have been done as well in the year 2000 B.C., or 1000 B.C., or 500 B.C. It might have been done through historical narrative, and it might have been done through fiction. The real question we have to ask ourselves is not, When was this book written? or, Is it history or fiction? it is not even, What is the nature of its inspiration? The real question we have to ask ourselves is this: Is the God this book unveils a real God?

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Is the disclosure of the Divine a true disclosure?

Take, for example, the Book of Jonah. This book tells the story of a narrow-minded religious teacher who believed that God did not care for the Gentiles, and who refused to accept a mission to preach to the Gentiles. Endeavoring to escape from this mission, he was caught and brought back to his native land, and sent once more upon the mission which was abhorrent to his bigotry. The Gentile city whose destruction he foretold as a penalty for its sins repented and was converted to the living God, and the threatened destruction was averted, and he, his bigotry still unmitigated, complained because his prophecy was not fulfilled and the city which he hated was saved from destruction. And the book ends with this pregnant question addressed to him by Jehovah: "Should not I have pity on Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle?" The question whether this book is a fiction or a history is a purely literary question. It does not affect the message. The real, the vital question is, Are we to believe that God is one who forgives the repentant, who has mercy for the ignorant, for the little children, and even for the cattle? Are we to believe that there is a "wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea"? The answer to this question does not depend upon the answer to that other question whether the vehicle for the conveyance of this message is fiction or history. For fiction may serve this purpose exactly as well as history. Certainly it makes no difference whatever whether the story of the Prodigal Son be a creation of Christ's imagination or whether there really was a man who had two sons, one of whom ran away from home and spent all his substance in riotous living and afterwards came back and confessed his sin. Whether true story or fictitious story, the lesson is the same. The question which concerns us is not, Is the story of the Prodigal Son historical or imaginative? it is, What kind of God have we to deal with? Does this story truly unveil him? When we have sinned, when we have violated God's law, when we have spent our all in riotous living, when we have thrown away our opportunity, can we come back and believe that with open arms he will receive us? or is he an unforgiving God, a punitive God? This is the real question, this the one that greatly concerns us; the other is secondary.

The object of the Bible is to reveal the glory of God, and the real question concerning the Bible is, Does it reveal the glory of God? To believe in the Bible is not to believe in one Isaiah or in two Isaiahs; it is not to believe that Genesis was written 4000 B.C. or 1000 B.C.; it is not to believe that Jonah is a history or is not a history; it is not to believe that David wrote the Psalms or did not write the Psalms; it is to believe that in the books of law and of history and of poetry and of fiction there is a true unveiling of the glory of God, that he is such a being as in this Book and by these writers he is represented to be. To say, There is no God, or, We know nothing about God, or, He is an unforgiving God, or an unjust God, or a cruel God, that is to disbelieve the Bible. But to disbelieve the theories of former scholars about the date and authorship of its various books is not to disbelieve the Bible.

There is, then, no reason why we should fear lest modern scholarship, with its theories respecting the date, authorship, and literary character of the various books of the Bible, should impair the value of the Bible or destroy human faith in its message. We shall not undertake here in a paragraph to furnish a complete epitome of that message; but it at least includes this much: The earlier writers of the Old Testament declared that God is one God, a righteous Person who demands righteousness of his children, and who demands nothing else. Their message is summed up in the words of Abraham: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" The message of the later prophets is not only that God is a righteous God, who demands righteousness, but also a merciful God, who forgives men their unrighteousnesses and helps them to become right-

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eous, if they desire his help. It is all summed up in the words of the Psalmist:

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits:
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;
Who healeth all thy diseases;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies:
Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

The message of the New Testament is that in order to render this forgiveness and furnish this newness of life more effectively, the righteous and merciful God has entered into the world, filled one human life full of himself, been made flesh and dwelt among us, so that those who saw him could say, "We beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father," and that he has done this that we may have fellowship with the Father through his Son, Jesus Christ.

We cannot climb up to God, but he stoops down and lifts us up to himself, as the father lifts up the little child into his arms. This is the revelation of God. This is the unveiling of God. This is that "great structural soundness of the Bible" to which Bishop Doane refers in his eloquent sermon, and which does in truth remain untouched by modern criticism. To believe the Bible is to believe in this revelation, to believe in this unveiling of the glory of God, the glory of a justice that rejoices to make men just, the glory of a righteousness which is a self-sacrificing love. And never in the history of the world was faith in this message so widespread, so profound, and so efficacious as it is today.

The paragraph printed in The Outlook three weeks ago about the School for Social Workers to be opened in Boston this October was, as we are now informed, incorrect in the statement that the School has been founded by Harvard University. It is, in point of fact, established through the co-operation of Simmons College and Harvard, with an administrative board made up of representatives of the two institutions and of leaders of social work in Boston. Simmons College, we are told, assumes the largest share in the maintenance of the school. The co-operation between Simmons College and Harvard is intended to avoid duplication of effort as well as to insure the greatest efficiency.

The Spectator

"Teacher, look at the radish!" The Spectator's heart sank. Could the pink-and-white apple-blossom mean to that bright-faced Jewish lad only an earthly tuber? A child near by was gazing delightedly at some pansies which he called "butterflies." His neighbor plunged his nose into the fragrance of a bunch of the sweet spring harbinger, arbutus. "Say, are them lilocks?" he asked. The Spectator was at a spring flower show in an East Side New York public school.

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On long wooden tables lent by the Board of Education, in every kind of jar and glass and pan the children's homes could furnish, were flowers and leaves and branches, each labeled with its name—not the botanist's, but the one in common use. Here was a bowl of violets, gathered by children in a country school; next them a bunch of trillium, to gather which a naturalist had walked five miles that morning; and then clusters of the rock-loving columbine, which a club of botanists had sought and sent. Past marigolds and cress and anemones, and a score of other familiar boyhood friends, the Spectator walked, the rich memories each awakened in him contending with indignation that any child should lack such heritage. On an adjoining table stood branches of flowering shrubs, viburnum, sumac, blueberry. Another table bore the garden blossoms, quince and bridalwreath and lilac. One table was covered with ferns, and here were arranged boxes of moss, with a little pan of water in the center to represent a swamp, and beside it grass and wild things like a miniature wilderness.

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The hour struck; the children trooped reluctantly back to their class-room, and another group took their place, wide-eyed, eager to make acquaintance with these strange green things. The Spectator listened with the others while a lady showed the difference between dandelions and pansies, and told about the coming of the spring to those who knew no springtime quest, nor summer bloom, nor autumn frolic, and knew no change

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of season save that one was cold and one was hot. Later he sought from her further enlightenment as to the origin and purpose of the school flower show.

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In that school district was neither tree nor blade of grass. For its children, therefore, the Public Education Association sought gifts of flowers from friends not too far away to send them freshly picked, and spread them out for three days for the enjoyment and instruction of the pupils, three thousand in number. Co-operation was eagerly given by principal and teachers, who found the children's vocabularies enlarged and their perceptive powers increased by this brief glimpse of nature. All too brief, though the three days were divided among the classes, so that each child should have at least an hour a day in the flower-room. On one of the days the parents were invited and came gladly, and the Spectator was shown the donation of a father in the butter business, who sent a dozen butter-tubs to hold the spreading dogwood boughs.

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While the teacher explained what this meant to the children, and the Spectator watched the proof of her words, a boy ran up. "Come and hear Sam's composition." The Spectator turned to see a small lad in the midst of a group of admiring companions, to whom he was reading his essay, written after his first sight of the velvety garden flower. The Spectator made a hasty copy, in which he has changed naught but a little spelling.

The Pansy

The pansy is a pretty flower.
It has a violet color.
It has a violet plush.
The plush is very beautiful.
It has the calyx on bottom.
Inside it has white and yellow petals.
On one or two petals there are white and yellow.
It has a little fragrance.
It has a long stem.
The stem is smooth.

❀

"Why don't you take these children to the country to see these things growing?" inquired a visitor, surveying rather contemptuously the vegetation which a boy was carefully sprinkling from a watering-pot, that it might be fresh for the next day. It would be better, truly. But three thousand children! The Spectator wonders how.

The Pool-Room Evil

By Mark Sullivan

A POOL-ROOM is, in a word, a horse-race without horses. It is an effort to reproduce in a darkened, stuffy, smoke-filled city room every feature of Morris Park except the sunshine, the level stretch of green turf, the glistening track, the galloping horses, and the yelling jockeys. It is a device to give, to persons without the time and money to travel to the distant race-track, an opportunity to gamble on the various horses in the race. And to understand the gambling that goes on in the pool-room it is necessary to understand the gambling that goes on at the race-track. In the city pool-room it is called pool-selling; at the track it is called book-making; in every essential detail the process is exactly the same.

Beneath the grand stand at Morris Park, in the space called "the big ring," before the races begin, you will see some forty or fifty little groups of three men each. Each group consists of a book-maker and his clerks—a sheet-writer and a cashier. Each group is equipped with the same professional paraphernalia: a slate such as any school-boy carries, some big sheets of paper carefully ruled and lined with blue and red ink—just such sheets as accountants and bank clerks handle—and enormous bunches of greenbacks, which, for advertising purposes, are conspicuously displayed, sticking out from pockets, from fists, and between fingers like cotton from an overstuffed bale.

About half an hour before the racing

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begins, the book-maker prepares for the day's business. On his slate he writes down the names of the horses in the coming race, and after each name some figures. This list of names and figures seems complicated to the uninitiated. Somewhat simplified, it reads like this:

Florizel, 8–1.
Hydrangea, 5–1.
Sultana, 1–1.

All of which means that, in the book-maker's judgment, Florizel has very little chance of winning, that he is willing to bet eight dollars against anybody else's one dollar that Florizel won't win. In the gambling vocabulary, 8 to 1 are "the odds." They are estimated on the book-maker's long experience and wide knowledge of horses and jockeys. Familiar and intimate acquaintance with the pedigree and history of each horse, and inside information, coming through tortuous channels, as to the horse's present form, are the basis of "the odds;" to some extent they are affected, like stocks, by the market. If the book-maker sees his neighbors in the same profession offering smaller "odds," or if he finds a sudden and heavy rush of the public to bet at the odds he offers, he is apt to mistrust his own judgment, and adjust his figures to the current opinion of the horse's chances.

The slate bearing the odds the book-maker waves aloft for all to see, with professional cries of "Right this way, gentlemen! Make your bets before the race begins." Immediately those who wish to bet hand over, say, one dollar. The deposit is recorded by the sheet-writer. Then, when the race is over, if Florizel happens to have won, the lucky bettor collects from the cashier the one dollar he has deposited and eight dollars in addition. If Florizel has lost, the book-maker keeps the dollar and the incident is closed.

Now, the pool-room in the distant city is as near a duplication of this as direct telegraphic communication can attain. It is an effort to reproduce and distribute over a wide area, by taking advantage of modern methods of communication, the excitement of gambling on horse-races. In the pool-room are some dozens of benches and camp-chairs, for the accommodation of the clientele. On a blackboard, which corresponds to the book-maker's slate, are recorded the names of the horses and the "odds." Back of a partition sit the sheet-writer, the cashier, and the telegraph operator. If you wish to bet, you hand in your money and receive a card which states the name of the horse, the "odds," and the amount bet. The telegraph operator or telephone announcer, if he is an artist, attempts to reproduce in the stuffy room something of the excitement and éclat of the track. With announcements of the weather at the course, the size of the crowd, the state of the betting, and the form of the horses, he beguiles the time until the electric "They're off." A few minutes later the result is announced, and bettors present their cards and collect their money, or throw the cards disconsolately away, according as their luck has been. The pool-selling in the city is essentially like the book-making at the track, in all respects—except one.

At the track the book-maker shouts his business for all the world to hear, and flaunts and waves his greenbacks for all the world to be challenged and tempted. He operates in full view of the police, and is not molested. In the city the pool-seller slinks in narrow alleys, blinks behind closed shutters. He admits his customers only on a password, and makes his bets in whispers. He moves with the nervous step of the outlaw, and his employees are experts in sudden and rapid flight. Decidedly, book-making by its other name does not smell as sweet to the law. Gambling at the race-track is smiled on by the law; gambling in the pool-room, on the same horses, in the same way, is a crime. And yet gambling in the pool-room is to gambling at the track as is the echo to the sound. The quickest way to stop pool-selling is to stop book-making. There would then be no official "odds" for the Western Union to telegraph, and pool-rooms would be impossible.

Why this distinction? In the main it is the necessarily awkward result of trying to make the same law cover different conditions, as the same Sunday law covers ball-playing in the city and golf-playing in

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the country; and the result of a law which attempts, with the best intention, to steer a middle course and serve a double purpose—to foster horse-racing and destroy gambling, to encourage the horse owner and breeder and outlaw the horse-race gambler. And the sum total of all these parts, the final result of the attempt to serve two masters, is a sorry mess indeed. No civilized State, not even the Turk or the "heathen Chinee," covers up such unchecked license in the practice of vice with so much pious pretense of statutory virtue as does New York in its relation to horse-racing and the gambling that accompanies it. At Morris Park, within ten feet of where the bookmaker voices his brassy calls, great placards assault the eye, and proclaim in the boldest and blackest type that "book-making or any other kind of gambling is prohibited." It is a part of the whole farce that the law requires these placards, and specifies that they shall be "in large and legible type." The complacent policemen who stroll about between the placard and the bookmaker probably have no understanding of the subtle and ingenious ten saving words at the end of the notice, which make the whole of it utterly impotent. They only know, in a general way, that New York's race-track legislation is a hollow sham.

To a certain extent this is the inevitable characteristic of legislation which attempts to bear in mind both aspects of horse-racing. On the one hand, public opinion—and law is the voice of average public opinion—regards horse-racing as a legitimate accompaniment of horse-breeding, and therefore a thing for the law to foster and encourage. "What will become of England's name as the horse market of the world, as the home and nursery of noble breeds, if we abolish our Derbys and our Sweepstakes?" said a member of Parliament when restrictive race-track legislation was under discussion. In another aspect, horse-racing is a clean and healthy outdoor sport, with all the benefits and pleasures that Anglo-Saxons are wont to attribute to sport. From this point of view, the race-course is no more to be banned by the law than the football field or the polo ground. Coming nearer, to the middle ground, it is not considered that the law should prevent one man who has an interest in some horse, and who has a dollar which he can afford to lose, from wagering with a friend who also can afford to lose a dollar. On the other hand, it is universally conceded that the law should forbid a professional gambler to bet a thousand dollars with a thousand youthful or improvident persons who cannot afford either the dollar or the time or the energy consumed in gambling. The pool-rooms, where clerks and office-boys and even impecunious women can bet amounts as low as a quarter, are known to be the way of death for thousands and of misery for thousands more. It is the old problem of permitting the drinking of a glass of wine, but preventing drunkenness; of permitting a legitimate pleasure, but forbidding that excess and perversion of pleasure which is sin and crime; the complicated and difficult task of divorcing the harm in horse-racing from the harmless in it.

In attempting to steer a middle course, New York has at various times gone to each extreme. About sixteen years ago a notorious Tammany Legislature went the whole length of unbridled license and legalized every form of race-track gambling and pool-selling. A few years later, at just the proper interval for a virtuous reaction, came the Constitutional Convention, composed of men of an infinitely higher standard than the Legislature. These men, thinking to checkmate forever the license of an irresponsible Legislature, inserted in the fundamental law of the State, side by side and co-ordinate with the Magna Charta guarantee of the right of public meeting, the provision, "Nor shall any . . . pool-selling, book-making, or any other kind of gambling hereafter be authorized or allowed within this State." The New Zealander will record admiringly that in the possession of this constitutional mandate against gambling New York stood alone among the States. One would suppose that such a direct and unequivocal decree could not be evaded. But within a few years the pendulum of legislation swung to the other extreme, and, by as subtle

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juggling as ever was invented by high legal talent prostituted to base purposes, this constitutional mandate was nullified.

The present New York statute on horse-racing spreads its exhaustive and complex treatment of the subject over eight pages of the code-book. It welcomes the race-track with a cordiality and friendliness such as no other State extends. Indeed, it makes the commonwealth a partner in the practice, for five per cent. of the gross receipts must be paid into the State treasury. It gives elaborate directions for the conduct of race-tracks, and incorporates the rules of the New York Jockey Club, by name, into the State law. It protects race-track owners against those who would defraud them by entering horses under false names. It provides for an official State racing commission to supervise the whole business; and finally, in accordance with the Constitutional mandate, it makes an imposing show of forbidding race-track gambling. Every form and variation of book-making and pool-selling is enumerated with ironclad thoroughness, and all who engage in such are impressively declared guilty of a felony, punishable by two years in prison—"*except*" (this is the magic phrase) "*when another penalty is provided by law.*" And in another section it is declared that where the book-making takes place on a race-track, during the progress of a race, the penalty shall be this: the losing bettor can recover from the book-maker, by a civil suit, the amount of his bet. This is of course no penalty at all, for the cost of prosecuting a civil suit in the courts would be twenty times the dollar or two which the ordinary bettor wages. As a matter of fact, it is hypocritically designed and phrased, not as a penalty at all, but as a safeguard to protect the book-maker from the other penalty of two years in prison. But it is enough of a penalty to satisfy the constitutional mandate that gambling shall not be allowed. So finely are the statutory lines drawn that if a book-maker should give the bettor a receipt or memorandum for his money, he would be liable to spend two years in prison. So the race-track authorities, when you buy your ticket, give you a numbered tag, which you tie in your buttonhole. When you make a bet, this number is recorded by the book-maker's clerk. By it you are identified and enabled to collect your winning. In short, as Justice Pryor has said, the net result of New York's horse-racing statutes is to make legal and laudable, and surround with statutory safeguards, during the fifteen days of racing at Morris Park, what is an infamous offense at all other times and at all other places. The present New York anti-gambling law represents a deliberate and successful effort on the part of the Legislature to permit gambling to one portion of the community and forbid it sternly to all others—an effort which is the more obvious since it involved the exercise of artful legal cunning in order to circumvent the constitutional mandate against gambling. "One law for the rich and another for the poor" is the cry of the pool-room keepers who are just now in the grasp of the law. It is a demagogic cry, to be sure, and yet the facts justify it.

Broadly speaking, the community approves the theory that lies behind the law, the theory that the State need not interfere with the gambling of those who can afford it, but must put temptation out of the sight of those who cannot afford it. Only a few days ago Captain Norton Goddard, the very man whose personal initiative started the present crusade, in an interview denouncing the present law as Janus-faced, quite unconsciously approved the theory that lies behind it. Said he:

> I will say little about pool-room gambling in itself. So far as I know, it is as fair as gambling on a race-track. But there is this to be said about it: The man who goes to a race-track to gamble is presumably a man of leisure, and, therefore, possessed of means which he can afford to lose. The pool-rooms are an invasion of neighborhoods in which wage-workers, salaried men, and boys are likely to be tempted. The small business man, the clerk, the laborer, or the office-boy, who cannot find time to go to a race-track, can spare a few minutes to place a bet on the horses in a pool-room. That tends to produce destitution. It also tends to destroy character and take away the incentive to individual effort by holding out a constant hope of making money without work.

And, historically, the law has always had the same subconscious point of view.

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Society has never been regarded as a sufferer from gambling, and the law has never put a penalty upon it, until it became prevalent among the very classes who frequent city pool-rooms—clerks and workmen who cannot afford the time or the money, and are tempted to dishonesty to recoup their losses. The first Act abolishing pool-houses followed directly on the conviction of some footmen who had stolen family plate to gamble in them. The statute of George II. recited that, "Whereas the multitude of places of enjoyment for the lower orders of people is another great cause of thefts and robberies, as they are thereby tempted to spend their small substance in riotous pleasure, and in consequence are put to unlawful methods of supplying their wants and renewing their pleasure," etc. Similarly, the first American statute against gambling, passed in Massachusetts in 1689, prohibited, in the first five lines, "play at Cardes, dice Tables, nine pines or other games, for money in or aboute any Publick house of Entertainme't;" and in the next three lines coupled with it a provision that "no seamen, or other Persons in pay Hired for a longer or shorter Time, doe sit Tipeling in any Publick house above one hower." The coupling of these two provisions is significant of what the law has always had in forbidding gambling—the prevention of the loss of time and money by the working classes and the forming in them of habits of profligacy.

It is this double intention of anti-gambling statutes—to permit it to those who can afford the time and money, and to forbid it to workmen and the poor, to permit it at the country club and forbid it in the pool-room—that has surrounded the making of such statutes with so much difficulty and made their results so unsatisfactory.

The gist, then, of the New York law is this: The Constitution dictates that no "kind of gambling shall be authorized or allowed;" and demands peremptorily that "the Legislature shall pass appropriate laws to prevent offenses against any of the provisions of this section." The Legislature, conforming with an oiliness that suggests Turkish diplomacy, obeying the letter but not the spirit of this Constitutional mandate, passes a statute which sweepingly forbids every conceivable form and variation of gambling; and upon all but one small form of gambling it places the heavy penalty of two years in prison. But on this small form—book-making on a race-track during the progress of the races—it places a penalty which amounts to nothing. It could not legalize it—that would be unconstitutional; but it has made the penalty for it so light as to be nugatory, and it has carefully provided that this nominal "penalty shall be exclusive of all other penalties."

But the Legislature has left a way to stop even this small and favored form of gambling, a means not at the command of the District Attorney, a means which is tortuous and which it is humiliating to be compelled to resort to, but which is perfectly effective in the hands of a public opinion loud enough to make the New York Jockey Club, and through the Jockey Club the State Racing Commission, hear. And it has been demonstrated in New York quite recently that the voice of public opinion can reach ears more exalted than the Jockey Club's. The State Racing Commission has discretion, upon complaint of the Jockey Club, to take the license away from any race-course. "If for any reason"—so reads the sweeping power of the Racing Commission—"the continuance of such license shall not be deemed conducive to the interests of legitimate racing, the said Racing Commission, *upon complaint of the said Jockey Club*, . . . shall have power to revoke such license." The insertion of the italicized phrase shows how completely it was the intention of the Legislature to deliver the State, in the matter of horse-racing, into the hands of the racing interests. But let public opinion intimate, with sufficient strength, to the Jockey Club that the book-making openly practiced at Morris Park is "for any reason" not "conducive to the interests of legitimate racing," and the gentlemen who control this race-course must either stop it or suffer the loss of their license.

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The Russian Character

By Gilson Willets

"HOW false it is to identify Russia at large with the Russian Government!" So exclaimed Wanda Ian-Ruban in an article in The Outlook for March 19, entitled "What Defeat Would Mean for Russia." With this exclamation as a theme, it is possible to write of Russian national character from a viewpoint which is popularly unpopular. Think of the Russian Government as a mastodonic Tweed Ring, or as a wholly corrupt national Tammany machine, and no American will identify the Russian people with the Russian governing class. Having destroyed that identity, it is possible to consider the characteristics of the Russian mass independently of the Russian bureaucracy, possible to write of the good side of the citizen class apart from the bad side of the official class.

Russia at large means that blond, bareheaded, blue-eyed, typical Russian, giant of stature, broad of shoulder, ruddy of countenance, fair of brow—the booted and bloused peasant. This strenuous tiller of the soil, this active, courageous, persevering national force, this average Russian, cheerful in his poverty as a husbandman, reckless of privation and danger as a soldier, filled always with religious awe—this mujik is the real representative of the Russian nation, and his character is the true Russian national character.

In comparing Russian with Japanese character, the popular viewpoint overlooks two important influences that prevail in Russia and are utterly lacking in Japan—women and music. Women have no recognized place in the Japanese scheme of existence, and to the Japanese the emotional effect of a chord of music is unknown. "No nation," says Tolstoy, referring directly to Japan, "can be truly great which has no music in its soul and which holds women in contempt."

It is not necessary to give here a list of the great women geniuses Russia has produced. In every field of activity Russian women have achieved fame. Russian girls are sent to school, as well as boys; women are employed as school-teachers; women hold the highest place of esteem in society; in thirty-four self-governed provinces women householders have a vote in the administration of commune affairs; and among the forty different nations absorbed by Russia in the last two centuries, Russian women have gone to live, spreading their influence in the cause of virtue, of the sanctity of home, of equal rights of women with men. Above all, the Russian woman dominates the home, and in this respect, chiefly, she influences Russian character. To the Japanese, home has no meaning in the Western sense; for there is no home where "honor thy father" is the sole rule, the mother, wife, and sister not being deemed worthy even of respect. To the Russian, on the other hand, home is the sweetest of words, and he honors mother as well as father.

Music—the second national influence lacking in Japan—Russia has deep in her soul. Her list of great musicians, composers, and singers is longer than England's. The orchestras of St. Petersburg and Moscow are the greatest east of Dresden. And Russia is a nation of singers. Each town has its choral society. The housewife preparing the cabbage soup sings. The farmer plowing his field sings at the top of his voice. Troops on the march sing. Along the line of the Trans-Siberian Railway there are six thousand miles of singing guards. I watched a regiment at drill in front of the Czar's Winter Palace. Finally the soldiers massed, there was an impressive silence, and then a thousand voices began singing the Russian National Hymn. Until one has heard that grand composition sung by a Russian regiment one has never fully comprehended its musical possibilities, never understood how it inspires love of God, Czar, kin, and country. All travelers write of Holy Russia as ever praying, ever advancing,

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ever singing. I went to a monastery to hear the singing of a hundred black-robed priests. The grandest cathedral organ never produced music that possessed such majesty, such sympathy, such power and sweetness as did that choir. Musical authorities agree that the greatest religious music in all the world is to be heard in Russian churches. The cathedral singers include the most wonderful bass voices—virile voices purified and beautified by lives of religious devotion and spiritual feeling. The effect of all this music upon the character of Russians is seen in the emotional side of their nature, having its concrete form in a ready sympathy that binds them together as one family, each for all and all for each.

Tolstoy, in his denunciation of the war in the East (summed up in the words of the commandment "Thou shalt not kill"), said: "The momentary world-glorification of Japan is based solely upon the fact that the Japanese are a nation of killers." While the Japanese is first of all a *fighting* man, a destroyer of men, the Russian is a born and bred husbandman, a keeper of men, having knowledge alone of the arts of peace. Domesticity may be said to be a dominant characteristic of the Russian peasant, second only to religious devotion. In the army he is still only an armed peasant. A Czar's regiment has been compared to a big, happy family. With his domestic tendencies the conquering Russian soon makes a friend of his enemy. Once the fighting is over he ceases to be the fighter and is again the husbandman. He carries his overflowing good nature among the conquered, treating annexed nations as equal, not as inferior. His facility in making a bygone really a bygone accounts largely for Russia's success as a colonizer, and explains the ready assimilation of the Slav with the many nations absorbed by his country. Quarter the Russian armed peasant in the house of his enemy, and he makes himself one of the family, respects the women, helps wash the dishes, plays with the children, tends the baby, and—all enmity in that quarter is at an end. His heart is as tender as a child's, and all Anglo-Saxon correspondents who have been with the Czar's army in the field declare that as a soldier the Russian is no more prone to commit atrocities than the soldier of any other nation.

As a colonizer the Russian has always displayed the courage of his conviction of being in the right. This unfaltering self-confidence is the concomitant of a national ideal—the belief that as the only remaining organized people on earth, the only country in which religious faith is permanent, Russia will eventually dominate the world. This belief in ultimate universal dominion is no dream—in less than five centuries the empire has grown from one two hundred and fiftieth to one sixth of the earth's surface. Every Russian believes that it is the mission of his country to give back to the peoples of the earth order, form, and civil authority, that the mission of Holy Russia is to advance the cross for the regeneration of the world, and that the war with Japan is only one supervening unpleasantness in the realization of the national ideal.

The majority of Russian characteristics have their source in the religion of the Greek Church. No phase of Russian character may be said to be apart from the religious faith which is the deepest emotion of the Russian soul. This faith is almost as much a condition of the people's existence as food or air. Hence, to understand Russian character, one must fully understand the Russian's devotion to his religion, and the influence of that devotion upon his every thought and action. The Russian's conscientious observance of religious ceremony is said to contain conspicuous evidence of superstition and ignorance. Is unquestioned belief in the doctrines of Christ a sign of superstition and ignorance? Those doctrines form the basis of the Russian's faith—his belief in a personal God directing all things, in immortality and the power of the saints of heaven, in God as the supreme fact of the universe, in the Saviour as his only begotten Son, in the teachings of the Bible, in a Czar commanded by God to execute his purpose. The very nature of the Christian faith appeals to the Russian because of his own

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nature. Himself charitable, humble, and sweet-hearted, he accepts gladly the charity, humility, and sweetness of Christ's teachings. "And their worship is universally sincere," said Dr. Francis, the rector of the English Church in St. Petersburg. The visible emblem of religious faith in Russia is the Icon—the pictured image of any one of the saints. This holy image is visible everywhere, from the five-cent article in a tin frame in a hovel to the $50,000 masterpiece of a Russian artist in its gold frame in St. Isaac's Cathedral. The icon has a place in every room of every home or hotel, in every store, factory, and vodka-shop, in every street, and in every public building. Prince and peasant alike make obeisance to this symbol of the common faith, wherever seen.

Impressive as a revelation of the leveling influence of religion in Russia was a service at St. Isaac's Cathedral. No seats were provided; every one stood. All entered without regard to class or clothes, the congregation thus massed representing every division of the social organization. I saw a great noble make way for a common workman, while a party of ladies of the upper class stood aside to give a peasant girl room to kneel before an icon. How seriously the Russians take their religion is shown in the following: A priest of Kief, while begging for one of the saints, awoke a merchant who was dozing in front of his shop. "Go away, good father," exclaimed the shopkeeper. "Even your saint sleeps on such a hot day." And in jocular vein he aspersed the character of the saint. All of which the priest regarded as an insult to the Church, and so reported the man's words to the authorities. The shopkeeper was forthwith sentenced by a civil magistrate to a term of detention, while the Church imposed a severe penance. Again, I came upon a procession of peasants led by a giant, who carried an icon aloft on a pole. He and all his followers had eyes lifted to the sky. "That is a procession of prayer for rain," said my Russian companion. "It is an annual religious ceremony in springtime. But you have not discovered something common only to Russia. I've heard that concerted prayers for rain are offered in Protestant churches in the United States." The attitude of the Russian clergy toward the war with Japan is the same as it always is toward any war in which Russia has engaged. "Holy Russia," said a Moscow bishop, "wars for conquest only so far as conquest means the advancement of the cross. Every officer and soldier regards himself as a missionary, his duty being to carry the cross into all heathen Asia."

Altogether there is a depth and breadth of religious life in Russia which has been described as "pure and lofty as the world has seen since the Master lived." The influence of his religion upon the character of the peasant is seen in his passion for self-sacrifice. When he becomes a soldier, that same religion inspires him to deeds of heroism, sometimes called fanaticism. In Turkestan there is a monument to Russian artillerymen who were captured by the Turkomans in 1879. Their guns were captured with them, and the Turkomans ordered the Russians, under threat of death, to serve the guns against their own countrymen. They refused to a man, preferring death by torture. Again, in the same war, a company of Russian infantrymen threw themselves at a critical moment into a ditch in order that certain guns, much needed on the firing line, might cross, dragged by galloping horses, over their bodies. This passion for self-sacrifice is cited by historians as the keynote of the Russian character.

One popular conception of the Russian is of a reeling drunkard. Some Russians drink vodka in excess, as some Texans, Kentuckians, New Yorkers, drink whisky in immoderate quantities. But not all Russians are drunkards, for the same reason that not all the people of Texas, Kentucky, or New York are dipsomaniacs. Every traveler who has been in Russia declares that the American idea of the extent of drunkenness there is abnormally inflated. In St. Petersburg and Moscow there is what is called the "Human Market," a place where workingmen gather to sell their labor. There is just such a human market in every great American city. In New York it

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is in West Street, along the waterfront. Longshoremen assemble there in the saloons to sell their services. A stevedore in need of extra hands goes to that market and buys labor. In the St. Petersburg "Human Market" an American traveler saw a row of men lying prostrate on the pavement. "Isn't it a shame!" he exclaimed.

"What's a shame?" asked his interpreter.

"Why—all these men, drunk, of course."

"Drunk? Bosh!" and the interpreter gently shook first one, then another, of the prostrate men, and explained the situation to them. Every man thereupon arose and proved his soberness. The traveler thus learned that all the supposed "drunks" had merely been taking needed sleep after a night's hard work. When you encounter a vodka-intoxicated Russian in a public place, your chief interest is not in his noise, but in the gentle way he is handled by the police. On the train to Helsingfors, a boisterous mujik holding a third-class ticket entered a first-class carriage and there gave a demonstration of lung power. At the first stopping-place the guard told our intoxicated friend that he would have to go to a third-class carriage, where he belonged. With childish stubbornness, the man refused to budge. The guard called a policeman—and they picked the man up as tenderly as they would a wounded soldier, and carried him into the railroad station. "They will give him food," said the guard, "and keep him there till he is sober, then start him again on his journey." And in this same paternal way all trivial disturbers of the peace are treated throughout Russia.

All manufacture of vodka was a short time ago made a Government prerogative. Result, not only great improvement in the quality of the liquor, but decided decrease in the quantity consumed. The reason of the latter fact is simple. While traveling on a Government railway, I one day noticed that the guard threw off at every station a huge bundle of pamphlets. Those pamphlets were temperance tracts. Millions of such tracts are distributed all over the Empire by the Government. Thus the Government virtually says to the people: "If you must have vodka, we will make good vodka for you. But better stick to your tea."

How is Russian character affected by the peculiar political situation? The peasants understand that their interference is not desired in the general government of the Empire; that they are relieved of all trouble of governing themselves as a nation. But in matters of local self-government, in the greater part of European Russia, the peasants have a voice, and therein they show two prominent and opposite characteristics—the one showing the peasant as a socialist, the other as an independent agent. The socialist submits to the commune system, which destroys the individuality of its members. This is an ancient and a national characteristic. The independent agent breaks away from the commune system to work in a factory, or drive a drosky in a city, asserting his manhood, showing a determination to "go it alone." This is a new and individual characteristic.

In disposition, the peasant is notoriously gregarious. Because of this, some students of Russian character assert that the peasant will never develop marked individuality. Nevertheless, there are distinct indications among the peasantry of a growing spirit of personal independence. This latter-day spirit is manifested principally in conflicts between the public and the police, in open antagonism to the general Government, in open resentment of restrictions of personal liberty, in open rebellion against established authority, all of which may be compared to individual—not organized—cases of mutiny aboard ship. In the Nevski Prospekt in St. Petersburg one evening I saw a student order a woman of the street off the sidewalk into the gutter. A band of students joined their fellow, and sided with him. A policeman remonstrated, insisting that the woman be allowed her share of the sidewalk. The students were equally insistent that the woman's place was the gutter. A number of passers-by gathered—and they, too, sided with the students. Whereupon the humble official intrusted with the maintenance of

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peace yielded the point with praiseworthy tact, thus averting what might have become a serious disturbance. Again, an officer of the army remonstrated with the conductor of a tram-car for discourtesy toward one of the passengers. Instantly the peasant passengers as one man told the officer to mind his own business, to confine his orders to his soldiers, not to tram conductors nor citizens, "who are free men." The officer left the car without another word. Thus, right or wrong, the public stands by its own members in any conflict with representatives of Government.

It may not be asked how Russian character is affected by education, but rather how affected by lack of education. While only faintly lamenting the dearth of education among themselves—only one adult in three can read and write—fathers and mothers have of late years shown a transcendent ambition in the matter of schooling for their children. I visited a well-to-do farmer, who pointed to the harvest of his acres, to his substantial outbuildings, to his hundred head of cattle, with only ordinary pride. But when he announced, "My children are at school," then his eyes were agleam with triumph. On a score of occasions parents said in substance: "We had no schooling ourselves, so we are all the more glad now that our boys and girls are learning to read and write and cipher just like grand folks." Among the poorest families I discovered more than one case in which the parents professed happiness in depriving themselves of household necessaries in order to keep their children in school.

While this parental self-sacrifice has become literally epidemic in European Russia at least, the boys and girls themselves display a corresponding eagerness for knowledge. Truancy is unknown. I visited many schools in the agricultural districts, and invariably the school building was overcrowded. The one complaint of teachers and scholars was, "Not enough room." Hundreds of new schools have been opened of late years, and one noticeable result is the increase in reading, as evidenced in the sale of books and periodicals. The kinds of fiction principally in demand are religious stories and the counterpart of the great American dime novel. The number of periodicals is small in comparison with the output in the United States, yet every village has its local weekly or monthly paper and every trade its journal.

How have commercialism and the recent industrial awakening affected Russian character? Formerly, all except a very few of the peasants were independent artisans, making for themselves in their own workshops, on their own farms, almost everything required. These independent industries still exist to a large extent—known as the "Kustar Trades," and fostered by the Government. With the industrial awakening, however, when the farmer began using American agricultural machinery, when foreign machines were introduced in manufacturing, concentration became necessary, factories were built, and the Kustar Trades were drawn upon for hands. To-day, while the great majority of workingmen still pursue their trades as independent artisans, thousands are employed in factories. As might be expected of a people whose chief characteristics are reverence for God, loyalty to the Czar, obedience to commune authority, the most prominent characteristic developed by the new industrial conditions is the fidelity of the workingman to his employer. An English traveler was being shown through the great oil refineries at Baku. One of the workmen, after watching the visitor for a few moments, went to the manager and said: "Master, look out for that stranger. He is trying to steal your secrets." Relating the incident later to the traveler, the manager said: "There is one thing that the proprietor of any Russian manufactory is sure of—every workman is true to the 'master' from whom he receives his wage." In a St. Petersburg steel-mill one of the workmen was found guilty of cheating, and was discharged. That was not sufficient for his fellow-workmen. When the disgraced one left the mill that night, his indignant comrades fell upon him and beat him unmercifully.

Among the elementary characteristics of the Russian, the first is his good

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nature, is perennial cheerfulness. He is as light-hearted as the French peasant, and loves to crack jokes as well as any Irishman, his sense of humor being far more acute than is commonly supposed. He may be as poor as a Bohemian, but he does not brood, is never morose. He possesses the minimum of this world's riches, still he sings his songs and rejoices, free from care. At the same time he has just enough ambition to save him from the inaction of contentment.

Second, he knows little or nothing beyond Russia. He is not a nomad. Not until he emigrates does he know real unhappiness. Very few Russians in the United States, excepting the Jews, are here to stay. The majority of immigrants look upon any foreign country as a land of exile far worse than Siberia, where they are among their own kind.

Third, in temperament the Russian is excitable and highly emotional. The result is that whenever there is a display of feeling, as between public and police, the earnestness shown, especially on the part of the populace, is greatly disproportionate to the circumstances. As impulsive as children, Russians' quarrels among themselves take the form of thoughtless wrangles, with sudden beginnings and quick endings.

Fourth, in their unwritten code the most exacting of all clauses is that pertaining to courtesy. Rob the Russian and he may overlook your crime, but any breach of courtesy he regards as unpardonable. In a St. Petersburg tramcar, when a workingwoman entered, every man in the car arose and proffered his seat. When later another woman of the people boarded the car, the scene was repeated. As you drive through a Russian village or along the highway, every peasant you meet doffs his cap and bends at the waist. "How servile these people are! It's disgusting!" said an American traveler, who never once deigned to acknowledge the salute of the passing peasants. "You were never more mistaken," said his guide. "What you think is servility is common politeness. Those peasants perceive that you are a stranger, and each regards you as his particular guest so long as you are in his country. His bow is his form of welcome."

Fifth, in hospitality the Russians are excelled by the people of no other nation, save possibly the Spanish. The first time we drew rein at a farm-house, at the beginning of a long sled journey, the head of the family came out, bade us enter, and invited us to have supper and remain over night. In the morning I laid some money on the table. The farmer looked at the coins with the utmost surprise, then handed them to my guide. They both smiled; and as we drove away the guide said: "When you enter even the humblest Russian household by invitation, you are not permitted to pay. That farmer honored you as his guest, not as his boarder. Whatever his household afforded was yours; every member of the family was glad to serve you, and your offer of payment hurt his pride."

One Oriental trait the Russian retains—fatalism. Springing from racial causes, this trait endures in the form of unquestioned submission to directions from superior sources. Amid dire poverty, affliction, and anguish, the peasant says, "It is God's will." Amid severest hardships and physical suffering, the soldier says, "It is the Czar's will." I stopped at scores of peasant cottages in a famine district in northern Russia, where for weeks the moneyless, workless people had eaten absolutely no food save the hard, black "famine bread" supplied by the relief committees. Yet I heard not a single complaint, no comment except, "As it is, God means it to be." Fatalists they are indeed, stolidly accepting any condition just as it is, without thought of taking the initiative in time of stress. When the battle-ship Petropavlovsk sank, and Makaroff and nearly the entire ship's company were drowned, the squadron commander at Port Arthur caused a notice to be read on every remaining ship, beginning: "The ways of the Almighty are inscrutable. Every war demands such sacrifices. It is the will of God."

The Russian's fatalism develops unbounded patience, in which he is excelled only by the Hindu. There ensues lethargy, indolence, sometimes mistaken for

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stupidity. Hence follows procrastination in practical affairs, in which respect the Spaniard, with all his *Mañana*, seems a spry individual in comparison with the Russian and his eternal to-morrow. With the Russian masses, procrastination takes such familiar form, even in industrial and commercial matters, as a disregard of time as money, and in dilatoriness apparently as a rule. At the Finland Railway station in St. Petersburg, I arrived fifteen minutes before train time. Even then every seat in the train was taken. I sought the station-master. "No room?" he said. "Never mind; there's another train to-morrow."

When once the Russian is aroused to action, however, with his object clearly defined, he pursues that object with a dogged perseverance that covers all his sins of fatalistic inertia in other directions. In this spirit the peasant defies poverty and oppression itself, laughing at all obstacles; the soldier in the same spirit makes nothing of privation; and both ever advance toward the desired goal, individual or national, with never-failing effort. They seem to take no cognizance of the verb "to fail," entertain no belief in the word "impossible." While the Russians were clearing out the hordes of bandits from Manchuria, after the Boxer rebellion, a captain of infantry once asked his men if they could beat the enemy back from a strategic position. The guerrillas outnumbered the soldiers twenty to one, the task looked like a forlorn hope, yet the men said, "We don't know, but we'll try."

Such, indeed, are the kind of soldiers produced by the characteristics outlined in these pages. An American correspondent who has been in several campaigns with the Russians says: "I know what rare and unsuspected qualities these simple peasants develop when the exigencies of active service demand of them that they be men. There has never been a panic among Russian troops, even amid greatest disasters. This indicates the temperament of the largest army in the world, and this temperament is bred in the people."

As for the attitude of the Russian people at large toward the Japanese, it is not one of hatred, as commonly supposed, but of contempt. That contempt is racial and instinctive. Hatred would imply equality—and the Russian people in a unit regard the Japanese as hopelessly inferior—that incontestable inferiority of the yellow race and a heathen nation seen most vividly when opposed to the white race and a Christian nation.

A May Song

By May Morgan

When honey-seeking wild bees come
From far and near, and all day hum
In fragrant thickets of the plum—
(The leafless tree that in a night
So veils herself in blossoms white
That tree no more she seems, but sprite)—
Nor heart nor feet indoors can stay;
But follow April far away
Into the wood, a-seeking May.

But in the time when dogwoods throw
A sheet of bloom that gleams like snow
Against the redbud's vivid glow;
When with warm rain the ground is wet,
And in each purple violet
An evanescent gem is set,
Then come the days of all most dear,
The days we dream of through the year—
When thrushes sing, and May is here!

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The South and the Negro

II.—The Confusion of Tongues

By Ernest Hamlin Abbott

IN Washington I attended the meeting of a society composed chiefly of negroes. Among the white men on the platform was one whose Napoleonic pose made him conspicuous. He was the orator of the evening—the "drawing card," a man from the North. After being introduced with some flourish, he announced that he was speaking "at some personal risk." This at once suggested to his hearers that they were present at a momentous occasion, and were to listen to words of great import. Words there were, and a plenty, to the effect that the issue was between those who considered the negro a beast and those who considered him a man. His mode of distinguishing between these two classes was simple: those who believed with him that the suffrage was essential to manhood believed the negro was a man; everybody else by implication, of course, believed the negro a beast. The best that he could say of the Southern Education Board was that at a meeting of it he had heard "more talk to the square inch" than he had ever heard before, and it had filled his "soul with foreboding." With oratorical fervor he exclaimed in protest at the thought of another civil war, but declared that if it should come the "men of the North" would "rise in their might." His final injunction to his hearers was to "form the Negroid Protective Union," make its power felt at the next Presidential election, and thereby be true to themselves and their "born and unborn children." He got his applause, of course, and an added reputation as a "friend of the race." He also offended the taste of several of the negroes prominent as organizers of the society he had addressed, though of that fact he was probably never made aware. Apart from the plaudits of the audience and the courteously silent regrets of these leaders, the speech had no effect whatever.

It has become unnecessary to point out that utterances like that do not represent Northern opinion. They do not even misrepresent it; for everybody of intelligence has learned to appraise them at their real value or lack of value. Yet similar utterances, demagogic in character, on the other side, are still frequently accepted by people of intelligence as representative of Southern opinion. Let some editor in the South write a fiery editorial, let some sensational orator in the South make a fiery speech, on the inherent bestiality of the negro, or the need of lynching, or the incapacity of the negro for anything but manual labor, or the necessity of universal negro disfranchisement, and the editorial or speech is copied in newspapers and circulated in the North as an expression of "the Southern view." That such utterances do not express the Southern view is as certain as that the speech made by that Northern man to negroes in Washington does not represent the Northern view. Why, then, is it that they are by so many considered representative?

There are several reasons. Let me suggest some of them concisely: (1) Views peculiar to the South are by false logic supposed to be *the* Southern views. (2) Unity of feeling, which does exist in the South, is interpreted wrongly as unity of opinion, which does not exist. (3) The revolution which the South has undergone has not been adequately recognized by those unimaginative Northern men and journals that continue to treat certain surviving conditions as if they were prevalent. (4) The fact that certain of these surviving views are not refuted every time they are expressed is taken as equivalent to general acquiescence in such views; as if gentlemen were always eager for a controversy with the ignorant and the ill-bred. (5) An opinion once unquestionably orthodox, whether it is an opinion concerning the

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inherently menial character of the negro or the damnation of unbaptized infants, retains the name of orthodoxy even when held by a small minority. (6) An extreme position, whether it is on the negro question or the Higher Criticism, always gets more attention than it deserves, just because it is extreme. For such reasons "the Southern view" is, in the popular mind, typified, not by Governor Aycock and Thomas Nelson Page, but by Governor Vardaman and Thomas Dixon, Jr. Yet it is not from Northerners, but from Southerners, Southerners intense in their Southern feeling and proud of their Southern traditions, that I have heard concerning Mr. Dixon's theories the most unqualified expressions of detestation, and concerning Governor Vardaman's teachings the most emphatic words of condemnation.

The fact is that in the South there are many currents of opinion, as many currents as there are classes of Southerners. No one can understand the South to-day and its problems unless he knows this. In the rest of this article I shall briefly indicate the various classes of Southern people, distinguished from one another by their differences of opinion concerning the negro, as I met with them during my trip. In doing so I shall write frankly; I hope not discourteously. Southern people have so frequently been crudely misunderstood by writers on the South that they have some reason for mistaking criticism for abuse; I hope that if I say anything which should seem to some Southern people unfriendly, it may be interpreted, not as an intended thrust, but as a well-meant but not wholly successful attempt to make a just discrimination.

In the South the interpreters of public opinion are mostly editors and politicians. In a great many cases, especially in the smaller communities, these are identical; politicians get control of small local papers, or editors of small local papers use them for the purpose of getting or controlling minor offices. In one town I was advised by several people to call on the editor-politician of the place; but every one of my advisers had one bit of prophecy to give: "You will find him," I was told in substance, "a very good fellow, agreeable and courteous; but you won't be able to get an opinion from him on any subject until you state yours; and then you will discover that you and he agree exactly." This is the prevailing estimate of editor-politicians which I found wherever I went in the South. Their utterances, therefore, are discounted in their own localities, unless they are known to be men of independent mind. Even then the editorials in their papers are not accepted always as genuine expressions of convictions, especially on any phase of the negro question. In speaking of the editor of a well-known newspaper a friend of his quoted to me his opinion on negro education. I then quoted in turn a statement on the other side which had recently appeared in his paper. His friend expressed surprise. "I happen to know that that is not his personal opinion," he said. The fact is that journalism in the South is to a large degree sensational; not sensational as many Northern journals are, with big headlines and prominent reports of scandals and crimes, but sensational in their editorial utterances. Very quiet-looking sheets often print most reckless editorials. There is method in their procedure; the method of men desperately in search of a political issue. The reiteration of a shibboleth takes the place of intelligent discussion of political principles, because under present political conditions votes that can be influenced by editorial utterances in the South are chiefly those which respond to the cry, "Negro domination!" An editorial writer on one of the most influential papers in the South put it this way: "Editors of little Democratic papers agitate the 'nigger question' because they think that in that way they can get for themselves petty offices (the office of sheriff and the like) and keep voters in line. During the Populist movement, when many Democrats left the party, these same editors were bidding for the negro vote."

In contrast to these many small papers there are in the South a few papers of large circulation which are really influential. The Charlotte daily "Observer,"

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for instance, is undoubtedly the most influential paper in the State of North Carolina; it represents also the elements in the State which are directing its progress in political, social, and educational opinion. Yet its voice does not reach far into the North, because it has to take its chances of being heard with a large number of papers very different in tone. In contrast to the many local politicians of the South there are a few men who are really guiding public sentiment. Governor Aycock, of North Carolina, for instance, has been an "educational Governor," because he guides public sentiment in the direction in which it is ready and eager to be led. Yet, for all that, a man like ex-Governor Russell, when he makes a speech, is quoted in the North as if he were as truly representative of the State as the present Governor is. Journals in the North which talk about a new wave of negro-hatred in the South are simply either not well enough informed or not scrupulous enough to distinguish between a genuine expression of opinion and the vociferous and not very sincere rhetoric of sensational papers and politicians who are trying to frighten back the support they are gradually losing.

A distinction somewhat corresponding to that between the sensationally-minded and the judicially-minded among public men and publicists needs to be made among the religious and moral leaders of the South, between those guided by doctrine and those guided by human sympathy. Strangely, many of the most strenuous in their belief that negroes as negroes are destined to be permanently inferior to the whites are to be found among the most devoutly religious of Southern people. An Episcopal clergyman of fine spirit, whose acquaintance I made in Virginia, told me very frankly his opinions. His name I purposely do not give correctly.

"I suppose I'll shock you," he said, "when I tell you that I still believe in slavery. I believe slavery was of divine origin. I'd like to buy a couple of niggers to-morrow. If I had my way, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments would be repealed, and not only schools for negroes but all public schools would be abolished. As an individual, some negroes will probably outrank me in heaven, but, not speaking personally, I am a negro's superior and I want him to know it. I remember years ago a negro who belonged to our family called me 'George.' I picked up a brick and said, 'I declar' I'll throw this brick down yo' throat if you call me that again.' The nigger knew I wouldn't throw that brick, but he was a scared nigger, just the same. I told him he'd have to call me 'Mr. Mason.' He wouldn't do that, but we compromised on 'Mistah George.'" This clergyman told me stories of the "impudence of the new issue," and acknowledged that through fear of the "reconstruction courts" he soon learned to avoid any clash with colored men. There were defects in slavery, in his opinion, particularly the separation between husband and wife, which ought to have been legally prohibited; but it was a great deal better than the present condition. He admitted that he was in a hopeless minority regarding the public schools, but said he was not alone among clergymen in his views about the suffrage. As he bade me good-by he said: "Understand me, I believe the negro is my brother, but an inferior brother; I love him, but when he calls I tell him to go round to the back door. I love him in the kitchen and the co'n-field."

The Calvinism of the South has been the great resource for men of this stamp. I have quoted him because he represents the extreme position of those whose attitude to the negro is determined by doctrine. This doctrine is very simple. The Almighty created the various races: he elected some to rule, others to serve. The Anglo-Saxons are chief among the nations elected to rule; the negroes are distinctly among the races elected to serve. There is, therefore, no negro problem except as it is created by those who would interfere with the eternal law of God. As this clergyman said, such an attitude is not one of prejudice, it is one of "deep conviction." This is the practical Calvinism of many whose denominational creed is not Calvinistic at all. On the other hand, I have met men who avow

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a Calvinistic theology, whose attitude toward the negro puts them among that class of religious and moral leaders which may be said to be governed not by doctrine but by human sympathy. This class I have reason for believing to be growing in numbers and markedly dominant in influence.

To this class belongs another Episcopal clergyman of Virginia, whose interest in the negroes of his parish was as warm as his loyalty to the memory of the Confederacy. When, in the course of our conversation, the question of the relation between the races was broached, he dismissed it with a genial smile: "The white man's bound to boss the job, whatever it is, eh? no matter who the other fellow." He spoke indulgently, as if of a masterful child. His own interest was not in dominating an evidently inferior race, but in uplifting it. He happened to have a pretty close acquaintance with Hampton Institute, and spoke warmly of it. He did not regard industrial training as a panacea for racial defects. "Hampton succeeds," he said, "because the Hampton people are people of high character and trained conscience. Nothing but moral character will make moral character." He was watching the Tuskegee experiment with great interest, because he believed that it would show whether or not the negro leaders had themselves strong enough moral character to impart it to their own people. He urged me to visit a certain normal and industrial school in his own State, whose principal was a negro, a school in which he had much faith. The fact that he talked bitterly of the re-established Union, and without the least reluctance declared how thoroughly unreconciled he was to the "invasion" of his State, was evidence of his frankness only secondary to that of his ingenuous and winning personality; his love for the negroes and his desire for their advancement were evidently unaffected. Such men as he do not talk in terms of sociology—that is not the Southern way—but they are guided in their treatment of the negro by what some call social consciousness, others philanthropy, and others, accustomed to the phraseology of the King James Version, call by the name of charity. If it is more accurate to call that which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," and throughout "never faileth," by the name of love, then there are a host in the South whose motive in their treatment of the negroes is love for them.

Currents of opinion in the South concerning the negro differ, not only according to variation in political conditions and distinctions in religious motive, but also, and perhaps more definitely, in accordance with certain groups of people determined by conditions originating in the old régime. A list of these groups would include the planter class or old-time aristocracy, the overseer class, the old-time industrial class, the so-called "poor whites," the "mountain whites," the old-time Whigs, and the Northern settlers. Each of these groups has a more or less definite group-feeling and group-opinion, if a formal term may be used for what is very informal, spontaneous, and unconscious.

The planter class once represented the South, and many of them feel that they do so still. They had more to do than any others with making the South what it is and with giving to the negroes the elements of civilization. The South, in turn, made them what they are, and the institution of slavery gave them their characteristics as democrats among themselves, aristocrats toward everybody else. The change in the South since the war has also had its effect on them. This change has had least effect on the women. During a discussion of the status of the negro in a small circle, all of whom except myself were connected with aristocratic Southern families, I happened to mention a negro acquaintance of mine who found refuge from the problems of his race in reading Dante. "What!" exclaimed one of the ladies, "a darkey read Dante!" There was no touch of scorn in this exclamation, merely surprise. The highest type of negro she personally knew had been her beloved and justly respected black mammy. On the other hand, a man in that same family is as convinced a believer in the possibilities of the negroes

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for every kind of development as any Northerner I know. Needless fear of the mixture of the races, a fear emphasized by pride in the purity of their "Anglo-Saxon blood," is the commonest obstacle, so far as my observation goes, obstructing the progress of the prevailing opinion in the planter class as it is slowly traveling from near the point represented by the one member of that family to the point represented by the other.

Of the overseer class my own observations brought me little knowledge. It is true that I was frequently told that such and such a man, who had succeeded in enriching himself during the war by buying land from the impoverished Confederates or during Reconstruction times by becoming a boss of the negro voters, had been an overseer in some other part of the South before the war. Of the old-time "slave-driver," however, I am not aware that I met a single specimen, probably because that type of man was comparatively rare in the part of the South of which chiefly I am writing. It is fairly certain, however, that to the public opinion of the South he has contributed a share of intolerance.

A strong current of opinion in the South is furnished by the group growing out of the old-time industrial class. An educator of considerable influence in the South told me that his father and his grandfather had both been skilled carpenters before the war. His grandfather did not believe that slavery was morally justifiable, and never owned a slave. His father found it necessary to have a negro assistant, and therefore did for a time own a slave, but he was not a member of the slave-owning class. He came, therefore, of a family in which manual labor was an honorable tradition; he did not have to overcome the notion, so firmly fixed in the minds of slave-owning families, that manual labor incapacitated an individual, and therefore a race, from doing anything else. With this freedom of mind as his chief inheritance, he believed most strongly in the possibilities of the negroes, and in the obligation of the white race to give them every chance for progress. This industrial class was not relatively large, but it was out of all proportion influential. Its mere existence in a locality in any considerable numbers necessarily modified the general opinion regarding the dignity of labor, and therefore the dignity of all laborers.

Consequently, around this class as a nucleus may be put a larger group, which before the war was mentally, and in some respects economically, prepared for the change which the war wrought. This group, existing in various parts of the South, has always been especially strong in North Carolina, and explains why that State is so prominent in the present industrial and educational progress of the South. The son of a slave-owner, a young Superintendent of Schools in "the old North State," furnishes me with an apt illustration of the effect which this group has had on the attitude of the white people toward the negroes. He had no roseate illusion regarding the mass of the negroes, but he spoke in no uncertain tones of his conviction that everybody, white and black, ought to have a chance for an education. As we passed a group of negro children, I asked him if they belonged within his territory. "No," he replied. "Would they be required to pay a tuition in your schools?" "No, sir. I've had to work too hard to get an education myself to put any obstacle in the way of anybody else who wants an education. When I went to the university, I had thirty-five cents in my pocket. I paid twenty-five cents for a carriage—I might as well spend it for that as anything else, I thought—then I put on an apron, and waited on the table. I've slung enough hash and coffee to feed Pharaoh's army. I left the University with a hundred dollars in my pocket. No, sir. I don't shut out any little nigger that wants to come to school. I've had to work too hard myself for an education to do that."

There is another group for which I know of no other term than the rather opprobrious one of "poor whites." These consist largely of small farmers who never owned negroes. In one section of Virginia they consist of the descendants of Hessian soldiers. In slavery days they had no incentive to rise, and many of them seem to have

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lost all aspiration, if they ever had any. They furnish most of the factory operatives. One little settlement at a railroad junction where I had to wait for connections was inhabited mostly by them. A section hand with whom I chatted remarked, "When you've seen J—— [this place] you've seen the toughest little hole in the State." I well believed him when he told me that there had been three trials there the day before—all for crimes, one for train-wrecking. I had confirmation of his statement when, a moment later, a drunken white man and a drunken negro came staggering across the tracks, unsteadily brandishing between them a loaded rifle. The buzzard hovering over the place seemed ominous. A telegraph apprentice near by declared he could stand the place no longer; he was going to leave. In the meantime the gun, which had been set unsteadily against a tree, was slyly confiscated by the station agent.

That negro and white man staggering together were typical of one side of the relation between the negroes and the poor whites. At another time, when I was sitting in a lawyer's office in another town, a poor white farmer came in to pay a bill. The lawyer asked him if he and a black neighbor of his were getting along all right.

"Ya-as; but if he gives me any of his sass I'll pull him."

That was the other side.

A colored preacher in a conversation unconsciously gave me both sides. He was saying how well the colored and white men worked together on the same jobs in the South, especially in places where colored labor had been organized before the white. Then he went on to describe how white men and colored men from the country fraternize, and how they join forces in trading, so as to get better prices. Later, as he became stirred up over taxes and courts, he described a fracas between a colored man and a white man.

"Yes, sir," he continued, "and when they were hauled up, they were both fined, though the negro did not raise a hand. I'd have killed that white man. Colored people never did get along well with the poor class of whites."

A keen-witted lawyer expressed the relation between the poor whites and the poor negroes very well: "When a negro works for a poor white man, he gets his fifty cents, and that's all—no extra gifts and no help in trouble. They are friendly personally, but when it comes to the social or political question, the poor whites are bitter and the negroes contemptuous." Some intelligent Southerners have undertaken to justify to me the agitation about negro domination on the ground that if these bitter feelings were not kept alive the friendly personal relations between the negroes and the poor whites might result in intermarriage. The fact, too, that in some parts of the South the "poor whites" have become rich and politically and socially influential has injected into the relation between the white and black races as races the feeling of bitterness and contempt which was once confined simply to the relation between one class of blacks and one class of whites.

The relation between the "mountain whites" and the negroes is not significant. They are too widely separated locally to affect public sentiment. In one mine, so the manager of it said, the "mountain whites" and the negroes fight among themselves, recklessly and picturesquely, if his descriptions were as true as they were vivid, but not with each other.

The old-time Whigs in the South hold a strategic position. Having held fast to their Federalist opinions during the war, they are not suspected of agitation when they express opinions which in the mouths of "renegade Democrats" call forth resentment and sometimes violence. It is still comfortable for men to make capital out of the negro question—on one side. The man with Federalist traditions is in the enviable position of being able strongly to express opinions on the other side (for instance, on the right of the United States to have negroes as office-holders) without being suspected of agitating. That gives them unusual power.

With the incoming of Northern settlers into the South a new element might be supposed to be added. So far as I was able to discover, no really influential

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element has been thus created. Some Northerners, unfortunately, have tactlessly promulgated their extreme anti-Southern opinions. These, I believe, are uniformly ignored with that studied Southern indifference which is as skillful in its way as is Southern hospitality. Other Northerners succeed in outdoing any Southerner in anti-negro expressions. It was a Northern man whom I heard declaring: "Negroes are mostly apes. I'm glad whenever I see a negro tied up with ropes. Every negro is by nature impudent. The property-holders among the negroes are the least responsible." Such people have, of course, no influence. A few Northerners succeed in maintaining their convictions as to the rights of the negroes without being anti-Southern. I have never met a Northerner of this class who had identified his interests with those of some Southern community who did not find himself practically in accord with some already existing body of Southern sentiment.

There are other currents of opinion which I should like to indicate; those, for instance, created by educational institutions, one general current being created chiefly by the State universities of the South, another by certain of the private colleges. I should like also to point out the distinct current of opinion formed by women, summarized by one man who declared: "The negro question? The women are at the bottom of it; they can't get cooks." I should like to illustrate how certain currents of opinion are influenced by groups of men classified by age; for it was interesting to note how men born just before or during the war, and who therefore suffered the effects of war and the indignities of the era of Reconstruction without being themselves able to enter the conflict, felt hotly about matters which men who were older and had expended their wrath on the battlefield, or younger and had found their new world ready for them, considered calmly. But I have no space and my readers will have no patience for further matters of this sort.

Briefly to summarize: There are a great many currents of opinion in the South; but every one flows in one of two general directions. One direction is toward the continued and unchanging inferiority of the negroes. The stream running most obviously in this direction is contributed to by the most despicable elements in the South, those who have the least right to call any man their inferior; almost every lynching is a tributary to that stream, a stream so turgid that it can scarcely be said to be composed of opinion at all. The other direction is toward the complete development of the negro. The stream running most surely in this direction is contributed to by the best elements in the South, few there as in every section. Between these two streams flow other streams innumerable; the general direction in which the body of opinion is flowing augurs well, I believe, for the future of the negro and the South.

The Passing of the Country Church

By James E. Boyle

SOME years ago I was traveling in southern Nebraska and had occasion one day to inquire the road of a farmer whom I had met just outside of a little village.

"Whoa! Praise God!" he said, as he brought his horses to a standstill. I was somewhat surprised at this novel and pious form of speech, but I found the man very courteous and very full as to the directions I asked. When I had thanked him and started on, he whipped up his team with another outburst of religious fervor, exclaiming, "Get up! Praise the Lord!"

This man, I learned, was one of a rural religious sect who believe in taking the Bible literally—especially those parts neglected by their neighbors, such as the injunctions to "rejoice evermore," "pray without ceasing," etc. Hence the fervent ejaculations quoted above. Dis-

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satisfied with what they consider the easy-going, worldly spirit of the churches, they have "come out" and formed a little society of their own. Some of their neighbors call them simply "come-outers," and smile at them; others call them "saints," with a sarcastic cadence to the word. Their religion is of the ultra-doctrinaire type, and to them all other churches are hurrying down the primrose path.

This peculiar religious excrescence is not an isolated or unique one, for in that case it would not be worth recording. But it is typical of abnormal religious conditions, marking the steady decay of rural churches, in at least six States where the writer has made close, personal investigation.

The remote hill villages of New England are no more exempt from this church decadence than are the isolated rural communities of the great Middle West. Take the case, for instance, of a certain village in the Green Hills of northern Vermont, a village of some three hundred souls, and capable of supporting one church and one pastor in a manner befitting the dignity of the Gospel he should preach and live. But here we find three little church buildings, with dingy white paint and grass-grown steps, standing along the straggling village street. Ask for the ministers and you will find that they live back farther in the hills, where contact with the soil furnishes them their principal means of subsistence. The Sunday-school workers, what few there are, are likewise scattered over the hills, for here the village is the unit of decay. Population is too sparse in the country and villages are too numerous to warrant the erection of purely country churches. But for our purpose we may call these villages, in comparison with the New England city, rural communities. In many villages some of these churches have gone entirely out of use. Others are taken temporarily by some sporadic sect following a wave of religious fervor. Almost invariably these sects are some sort of "holiness people," and claim to enjoy a life of perfection, holiness, sanctification—of complete sinlessness. This they claim, not by reason of the irreproachableness of their conduct, but because of the orthodoxy of their belief. To them the "plan of salvation" is short and simple—atonement and justification by Christ, salvation and sanctification by belief in his name. They not only believe, but also proclaim, that they are living perfect lives, free from sin. Pinning their faith to a few passages of Scripture which harmonize with this doctrine, they make rapturous prayers that they may enter into a "fuller blessing." Religion thus becomes an exalted state of feeling with them, affording them a peculiar nervous joy. But never have I found a case where these self-proclaimed "sanctified" people have convinced their neighbors of their sanctity. Indeed, what was the pathetic side, most often the wives and children of these "saints" found them unattractive, disagreeable, and unlovely in their own households. But this, to the "saint," is actually a brutal joy, for, feeling this dislike of kin and neighbor, he thinks that he is persecuted for righteousness' sake, and thus he has the pleasures of martyrdom without its serious inconveniences.

An attempt to reason together over Scripture with these brethren is always absolutely futile to him who tries it. The Spirit, they say, puts the words into their mouth, and gives them the heavenly vision. Give them the Greek root for some disputed word, and they will gaze at you with a look of amused pity. Learning they consider a source of accursed pride, for doesn't God reveal these things to babes and sucklings?

The tension of this form of religion is too great to stand actual contact with the hard, stubborn facts of life. A few soon "go back into the world," not to be stirred again with religious emotions. Others wane a little, but form good material for those peripatetic religious zealots who correspond to the quacks and charlatans in the domain of medicine. Thus they pass from one religious zone to another, trying each new cult that comes along. At one time they are "divine healers;" at another "soul sleepers;" then they are spiritualists. And so it goes on; each reaction leaving a paler and more dilute precipitate of religion in their hearts.

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Scattered over the great prairies of Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas, off the main routes of travel, we find many curious examples of abnormal and decaying churches. A few concrete cases will serve to illustrate.

In one community in Nebraska we find a small band of "Firebrands," as they are called, deriving their name doubtless from their teachings about the torrid regions of the next world. I found the elder of this little band cordially hated by his neighbors because he had let his two little girls die of diphtheria without calling a doctor. He gave them "prayer treatment." On a visit to this house I was entertained several minutes, in the parlor, by a bright ten-year-old boy while waiting for his father to appear. The walls were decorated with pictures, home-talent work, and representing theological ideas worthy of the Middle Ages. The boy explained them to me with all the seriousness and gravity of a man of years. The principal picture on the front wall showed the "fashionable church" upside down in the pit of Hades, with lambent tongues of flame licking around its doors and windows. For lurid coloring, another picture, slightly smaller, was conspicuous. This, too, represented hell. The little boy walked up to it with reverential awe, and pointed out (as his elders had done to him) how Satan, fork in hand, was busy on the brink of the lake of fire, giving a twist to a Methodist here, jabbing a Baptist there. For each denizen of hell was labeled with the name of some church. The starting eyes and contorted bodies most realistically suggested the fiery tortures of the damned. In the background was seen a narrow path leading upwards to the pearly gates. Up this path walked the chosen few, bearing the name of Firebrands!

The seriousness of the lad showed that these pictures had already given a morbid touch to his innocent child-mind. It was more than pathetic to see his growing imagination poisoned with these dark-age concepts of Christianity. Who can say what the disillusionment will mean to him when it does come?

In Kansas we find an interesting settlement of the "River Brethren." This is a large community and represents a far higher type of religious life and health than the ordinary isolated church. The most striking custom here is the painting of Scripture texts on fences, gates, and barns along the public highway. It is a common thing to see, in awkward, wobbly letters, such exhortations as "Prepare to meet thy God," "Repent and be baptized." One brother, more pious-minded than the rest, painted the whole side of his barn with just the one big word "HELL."

The young people of this community are rapidly drifting without the pale of the church, as might be expected.

To what extremes religious fervor may go we see in another Western community. A small farmer, with more zeal than knowledge, felt "called" to preach. He quit the church to which he belonged as being too lax with the letter of the Bible. By searching near and far he got together a body of believers and they chose the name of "Church of God," because the Bible used that name, and that only, according to this preacher. A tent was erected in the man's yard for evening services. All the negroes in the community rallied to the new prophet and responded to his fervent bursts with shouts and amens that made the welkin ring. Feet-washing was introduced, for the cry was, Back to the pure church of the Apostles! Then came the salute of the holy kiss. Here trouble came in for the unhappy wife of this zealous preacher. She told me her story, and insisted that I hear it to the end. "And those black women," she said, painfully, hesitating between the words—"those—black—women—kissed—my—husband! Oh, I felt like taking my own life!"

The ultimate outcome was the complete disruption of this home, the abandonment of this shouting flock to the beggarly elements of the world, and a preacher soured on the world and the church.

But of all places familiar to the writer, Indiana affords the most hopeless and forlorn conditions in her rural church life. In earlier days the sturdy settlers hewed out homes in the forest and erected Methodist, Baptist, and Presby-

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terian churches. Quakers and United Brethren also had their little settlements. But how is it to-day? With the advent of new generations came the desire for new kinds of churches. The spirit of toleration and co-operation died as the feeling of self-sufficiency came over each community. We find expression of this in the great multiplication of rural churches, till in many places they are as numerous as country school-houses. This, we maintain, is a sign of death, not life, for with each subdivision comes a new name and a new sect, and a diminution in power. Seldom do we find the pristine Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Quaker, or United Brethren. But now the names are Progressive Brethren, Radical Dunkards, Liberal Dunkards, Progressive Dunkards, New Lights, Wesleyan Methodists, Protestant Methodists, Saints, Crusaders, First-Day Adventists, Seventh-Day Adventists, Mennonites, Dowieites, etc.

This division and redivision means that there are a brood of struggling, poorly paid, poorly prepared preachers. Should there chance to arise one able preacher, he is called to a better position. So here we find the survivals, as it were, of the unfittest. Many are old men, unschooled, eking out a living by farming, or even by doing day's work. They cannot afford to prepare themselves for positions which are so uncertain in all save the smallness of their compensation. I believe I can offer no truer commentary on the illiteracy of these preachers than by quoting the message below, written to me by one of them, a man of some forty-five years. He used an ordinary postal card, and on this he placed a stamp. These are his words:

> Dear Sir I am sorry To Say But cince you was Heir I Have Bin failing In Health and Thought With In my Self I had Beter Recall my engagement. . . .

This, sad to say, is a fair sample of the literary attainments of some rural preachers of the Gospel. Far be it from me that I should pronounce harsh judgment on a man because he is not versed in book learning! We do frequently find a stalwart man of piety among these untutored men, a man of breadth of sympathy and depth of insight that make him a tremendous force for righteousness in his community. But such are called to higher places and larger spheres of action. Those who remain permanently, as before suggested, are they who receive no call to "come up higher."

The spirit of division so rife in these communities is disastrous to the cause of Christianity. Trivial personalities of the neighborhood are often determining factors in the life or death of one of these churches. One church was broken up because the preacher married a second wife not acceptable to the community. Another pastor scattered his flock by joining a lodge, when his sheep were opposed to all secret orders. These disrupted societies are embittered not merely against the church, but against Christianity itself, in many cases. The preachers themselves often shift from one denomination, as interest or necessity dictates. "We turned our preacher off," the writer was told in one place, "and he's joined the Dowieites now."

Do these ministers stand up in their pulpits and fulminate against the powers and principalities of darkness? No! They wrangle over some puerile points of dogma, and waste their breath in a pusillanimous attack on one another's theology. "Baptism" furnishes a rich theme for many a sermon. That the calling of a minister *reverend* is contrary to the Bible is another much-used subject. The impression made upon the listener is that these churches are more concerned about tearing down one another than in building up the sinner.

Can their people be thus inspired with the dignity of the everlasting Gospel of Jesus Christ? Will they feel a worshipful awe towards the might, majesty, dominion, and power of God's kingdom? Hardly. The majority fail to catch visions of this kind. Those outside the church are driven farther away, espe cially when their local preacher in his prayer makes supplication "for the unconverted preachers of the neighborhood," as the writer has heard done. An extreme case comes to mind, where, in such a community as this, a bright, cheerful woman said: "I would rather see my husband and sons go into a

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saloon any day than into one of these churches." Thus had the word church become a reproach and a byword to her.

It is the custom for one preacher to have from two to five appointments, and to preach at each place once in two weeks. Sometimes remote points are reached only once a month. But the people refuse to go elsewhere to hear a sermon, for it would not be by a preacher of their denomination! In fact, many families will hitch up their horses Sunday morning and drive five miles across the country to their own church, passing on the way several others just as good or better, but which do not happen to be of their particular belief. And these subtleties of belief look like an exaggeration of hair-splitting to a layman. For example, we are told that the progressive Dunkards wear ordinary hats and coats, but the radical Dunkards wear the old-time bonnets and band-collar coats. Yet these two now must have separate church buildings and organizations, and must keep their children in separate Sunday-schools.

In rural districts these little schisms propagate themselves with diabolical tenacity. Each doctrine has a few stubborn followers. They lack opportunity of squaring their ideas with those of big majorities, and hence, no matter how divorced from common sense some perverted tenet is, it finds its following. There is thus a process of division in these rural churches, more rapid in its action than the accessions to the churches, a process which bodes little good to them.

With the Protestant churches, then, in rural communities we see a tendency towards division, intolerance, petty schism, and general decay. Here are the readiest victims for religious charlatanry. Here the church life of the country is at its lowest ebb.

The same decay attacks rural Catholic churches. But there is this difference—members drop quietly out of this church into the great world of neutrals on the subject of religion, without first becoming "saints" or spiritualists. Such a church is this in a certain rural Nebraska neighborhood. An aged Catholic died here, and his relatives were indifferent about the particular form of his burial, although they were nominally communicants of the Catholic Church. So they simply had a Presbyterian minister, living conveniently near, pronounce the funeral sermon. This showed their fitting regard for the decencies of burial, and their indifference towards purely doctrinal or denominational questions.

The rural church seems doomed. Each time it changes name—now Baptist, now New Light, now Saint—it loses in membership and vitality. Its fire may be relumed temporarily, but its ultimate extinction is inevitable. Soon the little church stands by the wayside, forsaken, doorstep choked with tall weeds, windows broken. Then it becomes a granary or corn-crib for some thrifty farmer, or is torn down and carted away. This process may take years, even decades, but it is inevitable.

Do vice and crime run riot in these rural districts, then, where the churches are falling away?

No; there stands the school-house yet. The rural free delivery mail-box is fast appearing at every distant front gate. Knowledge and truth are gradually doing their work, even when confronted by the most callous and crass ignorance. This means a rise in the general level of intelligence. Poor preaching will no longer suffice. The roadside church finds itself going out of business.

The Church and Christianity are not considered synonymous in this article, it is scarcely necessary to point out at this point.

The bad features of the situation have been described. There are good features also. With the growth of the institutional church in city and country village, with the spread of good roads, with the breaking down of some of the rustic prejudice—with all these, I say, will come an increase in church membership in rural communities, but the membership will represent a rural member of a town church. Herein, it seems to me, is solace for the passing of the country church.

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The Biography of To-Day

By H. Addington Bruce

THE imposing array of works of serious import offered to the reading public during recent publishing seasons has induced the cheering reflection that the day of the popularity of ephemeral and trivial literature is nearing its end. To-day, more than ever, books most in demand at book-stores and public libraries include scientific, philosophical, historical, and biographical works. But there is another side to the shield, and this has not hitherto received the attention that it deserves. In catering to the healthier and more robust taste of the readers of America and England, the publishers, however unwittingly, have opened the flood-gates to a torrent of literature that is, after all, as ephemeral as the light-weight work it would displace, and is certain, if unchecked, to prove in the ultimate analysis a menace to mental growth. Nor can the makers of books foist the responsibility for this state of affairs upon the readers of books, for the readers have given no indistinct signs of what they actually desire. The danger is that their judgment may become warped and they will be unable to distinguish between the true and the false, accepting the tawdry compounds labeled "thought" as entitled to as much respect as the genuine article produced by real mental travail.

What makes the danger the more pressing is the fact that the writers whose outflow is most prodigious have acquired the trick of word-painting, and by alluring verbiage conceal their paucity of thought. This is too much the case even in the realm of science. "Truth is mighty and will prevail," but with a steady process of befogging the intellect it is difficult to forecast a final victory on the side of truth. With philosophy the situation is even worse. "The philosopher who cannot state his thoughts clearly is no philosopher," is the dictum of the philistinic Zeitgeist, and forthwith Berkeley, Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Schelling, and other leaders of the noble army of idealists, who have plumbed depths that cannot be revealed by the one-syllable method, must yield to the philosophers who divide their ideas into sentences of equal length and imagine that they have thereby discovered the secret of giving mankind a ready insight into the stupendous problems of existence. Even the "thing-in-itself" must submit to the process of being converted into predigested philosophy, a process productive on the one hand of a crass materialism, on the other of an idealism transcending ideality itself and rushing into the limbo of superstition, whither, unhappily, it carries with it a host of disciples fascinated by the roseate wilds of guesswork.

The evil effects of the prevailing fashion are also patent in a department of literature that is apparently becoming more popular with each succeeding year—the biographical. "The proper study of mankind is man," wrote Pope, and twentieth-century mankind is making it very evident that it indorses his words. Forthwith mankind is offered a vast mass of text-books on the subject of man, text-books that promise well from their choice of examples, but, with comparatively few exceptions, fail lamentably in fulfilling the function for which they were called into being.

The reason is not far to seek. Some biographers fail because they do not realize that their task is not to parade the externals of their hero's life story, but to give an understanding of the "idea" represented by him, and of the forces that made him what he was. Other biographers, appreciating their true office, feel that they have neither the capacity nor the time to explore their subject in all its ramifications, and are yet impelled by an ardent desire to say something on a theme that is really dear to them. While yet others—and their course is inexcusable—select a hero enjoying a certain timely "vogue" and dash to the publisher with a work whose only merit is that it was completed in time to meet a popular demand.

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Into these classes all biographical works that do not realize the philosophic basis of biography must fall.

I have before me several volumes,[1] all of which contain much that is highly useful from the viewpoint of biography as a record of events, but none of which meet the conception of biography as a studied presentation of causes and effects. It may be argued—and especially in the case of such a work as Lord Ellesmere's reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington—that it is unfair to expect to find philosophic dissection here. It is not only not unfair, but it is necessary if a standard criterion is to be attained and maintained. So far as Lord Ellesmere is concerned—and this despite the poor editing to which his memoirs have been subjected—his work is really valuable as supplying material for the future biographer of the Iron Duke—the biographer who, with mind free from prejudice and quick to discern the reality beneath the mask of fact, will establish the Duke's true place in the niches of the Hall of Time, and will let us know beyond peradventure what ancestry and the world gave to the conqueror of Napoleon, and what manner of impress he has left upon posterity and the world.

Of the volumes under consideration, Harriet C. Cooper's "James Oglethorpe," R. M. Johnston's "Napoleon," J. H. Barrett's "Abraham Lincoln," and the Ellesmere work make no pretense of delving beneath the surface. The Oglethorpe book is rather a study of the early history of Georgia than of the famous founder of that State—written clearly and in an entertaining fashion, but helpful only to those who desire to better their acquaintance with the cold facts of history. Mr. Johnston's work is a compact and readable narration of the salient events in the life of the little Corsican, serving much the same purpose as the Oglethorpe volume. Dr. Barrett's "Abraham Lincoln" is more ambitious than either of these, and has an interesting history. Its author wrote a life of Lincoln so long ago as 1864, for use as a campaign handbook, and the present study, offered forty years later, is a worthy memorial to the great War President, for whom Dr. Barrett entertains a profound respect and a whole-hearted admiration. Unfortunately, he has done little more than defend the President from hostile criticism, correct some erroneous conceptions, and assemble entertaining Lincolniana, expanding his work to unnecessary length by retelling the story of the Civil War, and in the retelling causing old wounds to bleed anew. We find several original Lincoln papers and a number of little-known Lincoln letters reproduced, but the sum total, from the strictly biographical standpoint, is the acquisition of material for the biographer yet to be.

The three remaining volumes come far nearer the mark, but all have inherent defects that spell failure. Of Mr. McDowall's "Chatham" it need only be said that the author follows Macaulay, supplementing the essayist's sketch with details, presenting traits in a lifelike way, but, his work viewed as a whole, giving us an inadequate idea of the forces exerted upon and by the elder Pitt. This, in truth, is a handbook rather than a biography of Chatham. It is not marred, however, by the faults revealed in Mr. Buell's "William Penn." The latter has made a thorough study of both contemporary and later historians of the Quaker statesman, and has endeavored to elucidate the influence of heredity and environment upon the founder of Pennsylvania and the reaction of his personality upon his times. But he has made two grievous mistakes, that render his best efforts fruitless. He has resolutely ignored the religious side of this pre-eminently religious man, and he has allowed himself to be swayed by a blind prejudice against the Society of Friends. The folly of this course is

[1] *Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency.* By Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D. In 2 vols. The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati.
William Penn. By Augustus C. Buell. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
James Oglethorpe. By Harriet C. Cooper. D. Appleton & Co., New York.
Napoleon. By R. M. Johnston. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.
Leo Tolstoy. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Frederick Warne, New York.
Personal Reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington. By Francis, the First Earl of Elsmere. Edited by his Daughter, Alice Countess of Stratford. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
Chatham. By Arthur S. McDowall, B.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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obvious at a glance. In writing the history of an individual, as in writing the history of a race, the man who succumbs to bias stamps himself at the outset as untrustworthy. How much more unlikely to arrive at just conclusions will be he who refuses to take into consideration the root of personality and its development through the religious instinct! It was the hearkening to the "inward voice" that gave Penn his first claim to enduring fame, and that enabled him, when the opportunity offered, to emblazon his name in the annals of time. "He was born a statesman," Mr. Buell would reply; but if Quakerism were such a deadening drug, how could he have clung to his birthright during the long years of aberration? The picture is incomplete, as must be every picture that does not reveal the soul of its subject.

Prejudice is not the cause of Mr. Knowlson's unsuccess. He has approached his difficult theme neither earnestly nor—regretfully it must be admitted—with the scholarship essential to a perfect understanding. It is not overhard to show that many of Tolstoy's theories are unpractical, but Mr. Knowlson attempts to prove too much, and in the effort discloses a lack of that very faculty, "the test of critical values—discrimination," to use his own language, the absence of which he deplores in Tolstoy. And if he accuse the Russian thinker of untenable interpretation of the Scriptures, Tolstoy may justly retort that not only in interpreting but in reading Old and New Testament passages Mr. Knowlson makes some amazing misstatements. If one charitably account such slips as due to haste, the outlook for the biographer becomes even more gloomy, the dark suspicion naturally arising that if he cannot find time to explore his subject he cannot expect his readers to accept his judgment upon it. Nor does occasional flippancy conduce to the establishment of authority—it may make the reader smile, but it will not convince him.

This little group may fairly be accepted as typical of the present-day output of biographical works. The prospect is not reassuring. Nor can we hope for an improvement until the scribes take to heart the lesson that not so much importance attaches to what a man says and does as to why he says and does it. Always it is the why rather than the what that leaves the impress of personality. Given the faculty of discernment with the faculty of expression, and the product, transmitted in the form of a book, will reap the reward of fame that cannot pass away with the passage of the mind that gave birth to the noble work. Both faculties may be cultivated, just as the reasoning powers may be cultivated, but—they will not thrive in an atmosphere of prejudice and haste, elements in the vitiated air of the literary hothouse, doomed to produce plants and blossoms that droop and wither at the first touch of the chill wind of criticism.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

American Problems. By Joseph A. Vance. The Winona Publishing Co., Chicago. 4½×7¼ in. 252 pages. 75c., net.

Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt, 1902-1904. Introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 485 pages. $1.25.

While this collection of President Roosevelt's addresses, letters, and messages has been made primarily for the purpose of affording the voters of the United States a ready means of reviewing the President's "methods of thought" and "principles of action" in regard to subjects with which he has had to deal since he was called to the Chief Executiveship of the Nation, it is impossible to consider it solely as a contribution to campaign literature. As such, of course, its usefulness is manifest. Of far more importance is the fact that we here find assembled a group of expressions combining to give a vivid and unmistakable depictment of the robust and wholesome personality of the author of the volume's varied contents. This book, in short, gives its readers an excellent opportunity for study-

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ing not only Roosevelt the President, but Roosevelt the man. As Senator Lodge in his scholarly preface so well expresses it, "Here in these pages is the real man. We may agree or disagree with his views, but we have the satisfaction which passes all others of knowing that it is the man himself who speaks to us, and not a hollow voice sounding like that of a Greek actor from behind a mask." Of the impression left by the perusal of these pages we must, too, agree with Senator Lodge when he adds: "We may think his views of public policies are wise or unwise, but no one can read these speeches and not realize that the man who made them is not only intensely patriotic, but he is also trying to make the world better, is seeking the triumph of good over evil, and, so far as he can do it, is striving to have righteousness prevail on the earth." Here, then, is the element making this little volume of enduring value not alone to the voters but to all within our shores, and investing it with perennial interest to those who study us and our institutions from afar. In his "Greater America," which The Outlook intends to review in detail in a subsequent issue, Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun pays a tribute to President Roosevelt that may fittingly be quoted in this connection: "To the outside world he stands for all that is best in American character; for domestic virtue, public spirit, honesty, fair play, keen wit, courage, justice, and virility. He has offended one section of his countrymen by an attempt to do justice to a neglected part of the American nation; he has estranged another by his action as regards Panama, which, whatever its ethical aspect, has certainly the merit of being a short cut to a more satisfactory condition in that region. A far more serious offense is, however, his attitude towards vested interests. Whatever the estimate now, the verdict of posterity will be in favor of Roosevelt, and he will rank among the really great Presidents. His name will stand for reform at a period when reform was as anathema maranatha to politicians. He will be remembered as a true leader of men, at a critical period in the history of Greater America." It is impossible here to do more than indicate the wide range of this collection. The addresses open with the speech delivered at the Charleston Exposition, April 9, 1902, and close with that of October 25, 1903, at the Pan-American missionary service in Washington, the total number included being thirty-nine; among the letters are the well-known "race suicide" letter to Mrs. Van Vorst, that to Clark Howell relating to Federal appointments in the South, and the correspondence concerning the Miller case. Of the addresses we would allude, in closing, to the terse and direct Lincoln monument speech of June 4, 1903, a speech that should be taken to heart by every American citizen:

> It is a good thing that the guard around the tomb of Lincoln should be composed of colored soldiers. It was my good fortune at Santiago to serve beside colored troops. A man who is good enough to shed his blood for the country is good enough to be given a square deal afterwards. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.

Book of Genesis (The). By S. R. Driver, D.D. (Westminster Commentaries.) Edward S. Gorham, New York. 5½×9 in. 420 pages. $4.

Any work that bears the name of Canon Driver is at once classified: it belongs to that class of critical writing which is at once scholarly, sane, unprejudiced, and constructive. This commentary on Genesis is no exception. Although the series of Westminster Commentaries, to which this belongs, aims to be less critical than the International Critical Commentary, it bears ample evidence of scholarship; and this volume gives sufficient detail to answer most practical needs. The critical apparatus is there, but it is not quite so obvious as it sometimes is made. This commentary also contains what many such scholarly commentaries lack, a consideration of the religious bearing of the contents of the Biblical book of which it treats. The text is that of the Revised Version. The introduction is an important part of the volume. It contains a very clear statement as to the component parts of Genesis, as well as a discussion of its characteristics. No intelligent student of the Bible needs to be told that this is a book worth acquiring.

Bruvver Jim's Baby. By Philip Verrill Mighels. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 265 pages. $1.50.

The unforced pathos of the situation this author has created—the introduction of a deserted baby boy into a Western mining camp where there is "only one decent woman," and no child has been known in years, if left to itself would quite suffice to carry a book even more dangerously freighted with faults than this one. But the author is not tactful—or has too little confidence in the truthfulness of his picture or in the perspicacity of the reader. For throughout the thirty-three chapters in which "Bruvver Jim's Baby" is exploited, not once is he spoken of as a child or a boy, but with painful insistence is referred to on every and no occasion as a grave little foundling, a solemn little pilgrim, a timid little pilgrim, a frightened little pilgrim, a lost little pilgrim, a quiet little man, a tiny chap, tiny guest, tiny man—and so on, in unbearable iteration, until he becomes a very fatiguing acquaintance and the story is quite spoiled. "Bruvver Jim" is all right, but something is decidedly wrong with the infant and the author, which the judicious application of the blue pencil in the MS. stage of the book might have helped, so it seems to us.

By Snare of Love. By Arthur W. Marchmont. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 375 pages. $1.50.

An American promoter in Constantinople is something new in the way of a hero. There is one in this book, however—a young multimillionaire, who has, besides his wealth, we are told, a daring brain, boundless enterprise and resource, tireless energy, dauntless

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confidence, and a magnetic personality. He has also a capacity for deep feeling, for shortly after rescuing a beautiful Greek from the hands of three men armed with knives, he is seen by his friend and companion, the Englishman whose narrative tells us the tale, to cast rapturous looks upon her and become strangely agitated. And a few pages further on his voice is heard, low and resonant with passion, and his deep chest heaves with tumultuous emotion. Haidee, the Greek siren, diverts his energy from commercial enterprise to political intrigue, although her influence is opposed by Enid, his sister, and the young Englishman, with what disastrous results we leave the reader to learn from him. His narrative, for all its theatricality, tells a good story, and presents an interesting and no doubt sufficiently truthful picture of the "unspeakable Turk."

Christianity Between Sundays. By George Hodges. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 267 pages. $1.

It is to be hoped that such a book as this will run from this fifth edition into many more. Its title names the thing most important for the Church to insist upon, as it is the thing the world most demands to see. Its treatment of the theme leads through many short essays up from Christian ethics to Christ's religion as the answer to questions on which ethics is dumb. It is a sheaf of arrows, sharp, well feathered, and sure, each of them, to reach its mark.

Comedy of the Merchant of Venice (The). By William Shakespeare. (Eclectic English Classics.) The American Book Co., New York. 4½×7¼ in. 103 pages. 20c.

Cynthia's Rebellion. By A. E. Thomas. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 277 pages. $1.50.

A charming girl engaged to the wrong man, the wrong man himself, the right man, and the girl's ambitious mother, are the chief characters in a delightful little comedy of cross purposes. The girl and the right man tell the story in alternate letters to their respective chums. A pair of melodramatic burglars, a pet cow, and a pet automobile of the "Purple Horror" type are minor characters that aid in the entanglement and unraveling of the plot. The story is unusually entertaining.

Dictionary of Names, Nicknames, and Surnames of Persons, Places, and Things (A). By Edward Latham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 334 pages. $1.50.

While the compiler has avowedly availed himself of other well-known works, he has supplemented his selections by research through literature, and this book is particularly valuable as regards nicknames, descriptive phrases, and colloquial appellations. In a way it provides a key to ordinary dictionaries of biography, geology, and mythology. The use of such a book of reference is obvious, and we take great pleasure in adding it to those volumes to which we frequently turn when puzzled by obscure allusions.

Dorothea. By Maarten Maartens. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 552 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Essays for the Day. By Theodore T. Munger. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 227 pages. $1, net.

In his first essay, on "The Church," Dr. Munger makes clear some of the limits imposed by good sense and Christianity on the procedure which the Church can and should adopt under present conditions. He deplores denominational differences less than differences of schools. He looks to the university for that enlightenment which the Church now supremely needs. The second essay is concerned with the element of literature in the New Testament and the effect of the New Testament on literature, both being the expression of Christ in books. In his "Notes on the Scarlet Letter," Dr. Munger tells of Hawthorne as belonging among those great writers, like the author of Job, Shakespeare, Goethe, Dante, who write of sin with no theory concerning it except this: "Whatever a man does, he does to himself." Hawthorne is less the Puritan, he holds, than the artist, the reticent man who reveals himself. Concerning Bushnell, Dr. Munger writes as one who not only knows, but who also expresses his knowledge. It is Bushnell, the rebel against formal phraseology, the prophet of the real and human, who is here described. This and the closing essay, "A Cock to Æsculapius," on the approach to death, have appeared in The Outlook. The remaining essay, "A Layman's Reflections on Music," reprinted from the "Century," is one of the few skillful discussions of the intimate relation that music bears to religious feeling—a topic that has tempted many writers to flounder in mere words. All the essays in this volume, though religious in material, are literary in treatment.

Essay on Burns. By Thomas Carlyle. (Gateway Series.) Edited by Edwin Mims, Ph.D. The American Book Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 160 pages.

Felice Constant. By William C. Sprague. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 322 pages. $1.50.

Detroit in Revolutionary times is the scene of this story, in which the daughter of a French settler, under sentence of punishment for refusing to swear allegiance to the English King, and a Continental soldier are heroine and hero. None of the characters are very lifelike, particularly in the matter of speech. But there is something of the spirit of the time in the book which lends interest to this story.

Guide to the Birds of New England and Eastern New York. By Ralph Hoffmann. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 357 pages. $1.50, net.

Still another excellent manual for the amateur ornithologist. The descriptive notes are preceded by a few brief chapters on the migration and distribution of birds, with hints for field work and the use of the "keys," an admirable feature of this book—

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tabulations which give in a condensed form, with special reference to color and season in classification of the birds, information amplified in the text that follows.

Human Work. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 389 pages. $1.50, net.

Some hold that the root of social trouble is in our ethics, others that it is in our economics. Both are right, since, as George Eliot said, the desires of men are the molecular forces of economics. Taking the view that our difficulties are chiefly economic, Mrs. Gilman here makes a study of economic processes. In this, of course, she goes over much oft-traversed ground with many fresh interpretations of familiar facts in neat and pithy statements. Some of these are felicitously phrased, as in describing the mischievous effect of congested wealth as "the fatty degeneration of social tissues." Mrs. Gilman believes in normal work as a blessing to the worker, but finds it mostly misconceived, misdirected, and abnormal. For the idle rich and the social parasite she has just contempt and abhorrence. All needful work is social service, but Mrs. Gilman holds that of its product all that belongs to the worker is so much as he needs to consume. Into this extreme collectivism few readers will be ready to follow her. Her criticisms upon existing conditions are often wholesome. Their continual repetition in varying forms by present-day writers is slowly preparing the way for one knows not what sort of social transformation. On the ethical side of her problem Mrs. Gilman needs to reconsider. Environment is not, as she supposes, everything. Were it so, never could moral progress have advanced or even begun.

In the Dwellings of the Wilderness. By C. Bryson Taylor. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 184 pages. $1.25.

The curious contrast between the mystic influence of the ancient East and the inelegant every-day speech of the modern West is emphasized in this tale. Three American explorers, engaged in excavating in the Egyptian desert, are each affected in his own way by a horrible sensation of evil after disturbing a tomb guarded by a mysterious lamp and inscribed "Forbidden." It is a tale of horror and mystery told in twentieth-century language.

Japan: As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 372 pages. $1.60, net.

The author is an adept at compilation. Here she has deftly put together a great amount of information about Japan's art, history, race traits, manners, religions, social usages, and much else. Many writers have been laid under contribution, and the excerpts are intelligently classified and combined. There are many reproduced photographs.

Japan: Its History, Arts, and Literature. By Captain F. Brinkley. Illustrated. In 12 vols. (Oriental Series.) The J. B. Millet Co., Boston.

Reserved for later notice.

Japan To-Day. By James A. B. Scherer, Ph.D. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 323 pages. $1.50, net.

A genially written volume, in which Dr. Scherer has put his impressions of Japan gained during a residence of a number of years in that country, and as a result of first-hand knowledge secured by the aid of a bicycle in many remote parts of the islands. The book does not pretend to be a full survey of Japanese life of to-day, nor does it rank itself in any way with the elaborate discussions of Japanese religion, politics, or economics; it is a familiar, friendly, and pleasantly written account of the impressions of an intelligent observer who loved the country and the people, with open eyes, however, for the limitations of their view of life, keenly susceptible to the charm of their manners and the attractiveness of their natures, but by no means oblivious of certain defects which have often been overlooked by the impressionist writers about this fascinating people. Dr. Scherer's book is easily read, takes one off the beaten highways, gives one a glimpse into Japanese homes and a fresh impression of the charm and quaintness of Japanese manners and life. The kind of interest which the book possesses is suggested by the report of a sermon by a Buddhist priest which The Outlook republished recently.

Journey of Coronado, 1540-1542 (The): As Told by Himself and His Followers. Translated and Edited by George Parker Winship. With Map. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 251 pages. $1.

A volume in the series of historic explorations, "The Trail Makers," giving the story of the first explorer of the West, who penetrated far into the central region of our country seventy-five years before the English succeeded in establishing themselves on the northeastern coast of North America. The story of his exploration is translated from the original accounts related by participants.

Legend of the Holy Grail (The): As Set Forth in the Frieze Painted by Edwin A. Abbey for the Boston Public Library. With Description and Interpretation by Sylvester Baxter. Curtis & Cameron, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 119 pages. $1.50.

Lives and Stories worth Remembering. (Eclectic School Readings.) By Grace H. Kupfer, M.A. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages.

Mankind in the Making. By H. G. Wells. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 400 pages. $1.50, net.

The author, known as the writer of several ingenious speculations as to the future development of our race, here attempts a more serious discussion of conditions and possibilities. He unfolds his idea of a New Republic, in an apparently tentative and modest manner, which soon hardens into most positive criticisms and clear-cut assertions. An agreeable, clever writer, Mr. Wells carries his readers with him, and does not allow the least flagging of interest. He attacks traditional beliefs, for instance the usual idea

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that every social failure is a "degenerate." He ridicules the unqualified claim that criminals are born, not made. "No longer are we to say, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I,' when the convict tramps past us—but, 'There goes another sort of animal that is differentiated from my species, and which I would gladly see exterminated.'" The New Republic is to be made up of men who shape their lives so as "to leave the world better than they found it." The particular course to be pursued to gain this end is mapped out by Mr. Wells, and in some details differs from those theories that have depended upon religious conviction or scientific formulæ. He casts aside "all abstract, refined, and intellectualized ideas as starting propositions"—such ideas as right, liberty, happiness, duty, or beauty—and holds fast "to the assertion of the fundamental nature of life as a tissue and succession of births." The development of this interesting theory in detail must be left to the reader, who may anticipate a lively succession of sensations, some assenting and some dissenting, as he reads how mankind is to be made over, according to Mr. Wells.

Micmac (The). By S. Carleton. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 234 pages. $1.25.

A group of tired city dwellers seek rest and diversion in the wilds of Nova Scotia. But two of them are in accord with their surroundings. The others bring the tainted air and questionable principles of civilization with them, and make havoc, where an untroubled love story should have developed. A treacherous swamp and a designing and desperate woman furnish material for tragedy, but youth, sincerity, and sunshine conquer. There are several clever situations constructed by the author.

Mystery of Miriam (The). By J. Wesley Johnston. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 459 pages. $1.50.

Mystic Mid Region (The): The Deserts of the Southwest. By Arthur J. Burdick. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 237 pages. $2, net.

One of the most fascinating parts of our country, because of its picturesque and unusual scenery, the mystery which seems to hover over it, and the uncertainty of the fate of any one attempting to penetrate its unexplored regions, is the Great American Desert of the Southwest. This volume, excellently illustrated from photographs, gives much interesting information about this vast desert, and imparts much of its mystery and weird charm.

New International Encyclopædia (The). Edited by Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D., Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D., and Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vols. XV., XVI., and XVII. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×10 in.

Old-Time Aldwych, Kingsway, and Neighbourhood. By Charles Gordon. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 368 pages. $3, net.

This book is a storehouse of curious information about Old London, or that part of it affected by the "Kingsway" improvement, the construction of which has involved the demolition of so many buildings, an entire neighborhood in fact, rich in associations of the past. The author has made this his opportunity to bring to light forgotten story and legend, literary anecdote, incident, and historical fact connected with the district, with a combined result that provides rare entertainment to the reader, much enhanced by the numerous quaint woodcuts and engravings which Mr. Gordon has collected to accompany his most enjoyable text.

Outlines of Universal History. By George Park Fisher, D.D., LL.D. (New and Revised Edition.) The American Book Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 689 pages.

A new edition of an authoritative and scholarly work.

Pamela Congreve. By Frances Aymar Mathews. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 407 pages. $1.50.

Pamela, this heroine, is a country lass with a beautiful tragic face, whom we meet in the first chapter in seventeen hundred and something, somewhat under a cloud as to her past. This, indeed, is not altogether dispelled until near the last chapter, between which come some two score or so, relating her experiences at the country inn where we find her first, and afterward in London, where she has become a great actress, the toast of the town, much of the action taking place in the greenroom of the famous Covent Garden Theater. The book is of uneven merit. Occasionally original as to situation, and with here and there a hopeful character, it more often presses altogether too hard after certain time-honored models of historical romance.

Parsifal the Guileless Fool. By Howard Duffield. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 88 pages.

We are not surprised that Dr. Howard Duffield's paper on "Parsifal" created so much excitement in certain Presbyterian circles last winter, if, as we suppose, this booklet, "Parsifal the Guileless Fool," is the substance of that paper. For in it Dr. Duffield heartily commends "Parsifal" as a religious drama, and by implication condemns those somewhat narrow-visioned persons who could see in it only a blasphemy, because it represented symbolically the Eucharist. He interprets the drama as "a sort of *édition de luxe* of a mediæval miracle play;" declares that by it "the truths of religion are not travestied but exalted;" emphasizes the fact, "which few realize, that the sacred function of no Church has been exactly copied;" and maintains that "it is a spectacle to command the Church's grateful and sympathetic approbation to behold a mighty genius tasking his rare powers and enlisting every resource of all the arts to bear witness to the splendor and the sovereignty of the vital elements in the doctrine of the Christ." These are strong words, but we believe them to be true words, and their truth is a condemnation of those who, without having

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ever seen the play, were quick to condemn it on a mere perusal of the somewhat prosaic and wholly inadequate libretto. Dr. Duffield gives a profoundly spiritual interpretation to this drama, and his book will be especially worth reading next fall by any who propose to see and hear "Parsifal," and desire to prepare themselves beforehand to do so to the best advantage. With it should be read Oliver Huckel's poetical version, which is much superior to the official translation.

Simple Home (The). By Charles Keeler. Illustrated. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 5×7 in. 55 pages. 75c., net.

Theory and practice are wisely mingled in this series of essays. The reader is warned against undue elaboration in living, and guided toward simplicity. As the author directs his advice toward and finds his examples in California, it opens a somewhat novel view to us in the East. California houses and gardens are and must be different from ours—and, as we have observed, they are especially favored by luxuriant nature. The photographs show lovely and simple homes embowered in vines and flowers.

Singular Miss Smith (The). By Florence Morse Kingsley. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. $1.25.

The singular Miss Smith only desired to know. She wearied of theories and tested realities. Leaving her lonely and luxurious home, she took "general housework." Her experiences can be imagined by almost any woman, but the author of the little story tells them well. It is but fitting that Miss Smith should meet Mr. Brown, and so she did. No problem is solved by the tale, but some are suggested worthy of thought.

Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada. By David T. Hanbury. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 319 pages. $4.50, net.

This well-printed book, illustrated with drawings and with a few colored cuts, gives an account of a long journey taken through the northern portion of Canada. It cannot be said that it is written in an entertaining manner, but it contains a great amount of facts acquired by exploration and scientific observation. Appendices deal with geology and meteorology, and there are lists of articles suited for trading, an Eskimo vocabulary, and other information not readily obtainable elsewhere. To the scientist and the professional explorer the book is unquestionably valuable. To the general reader it has no particular attraction.

Slav or Saxon. By William Dudley Foulke. (Third Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 210 pages. $1.

Mr. Foulke here reiterates, with increased emphasis, his conviction that the Russian Empire is aspiring to universal dominion, and that this will bring about a struggle between Russia and England to determine whether the civilization of the Slav or the civilization of the Saxon shall be the civilization of the world. In this edition, which carries his work to the opening of the war in the Far East, and in which he cites Finland, Kishenev, and the Armenian Church appropriation as further counts in his indictment against Russia, he welcomes the advent of Japan as a new power that may, at least for a time, thwart Russian aims and aspirations. But he points out that, whatever the issue of the war now raging, it will by no means decide the struggle for supremacy in the Orient, and lays especial stress upon the future fate of the Chinese Empire in its consequences to America, his purpose being to prove the need of an Anglo-American-Japanese alliance to guarantee the integrity of the Empire and check the Russian advance. Not alone because of the loss to be sustained by our commerce, with China dominated by Russia, does he call upon the United States to join in making a stand against the extension of Muscovite power; reviewing, too often in the language of Russophobism, the past and present history of the Empire of the Czar, he contends that "to all nations that stand for civil liberty—nay, to all men who take thought for the future of humanity—the duty is imperative to join together and stay the aggressions of the colossal Empire whose . . . universal dominion will bring into history the Dark Ages of the future—ages tenfold more hopeless than those out of which Europe has for many centuries been struggling toward the light."

Self-Help. By Samuel Smiles. (Eclectic School Readings.) Edited by Ralph Lytton Bower. The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 304 pages.

Dr. Smiles's recent death has called attention to the fact that his best-known book, which has been read by hundreds of thousands, continues to be bought and read and to do true service.

Virginian (The): A Horseman of the Plains. By Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 504 pages. Paper, 25c.

A presentable and acceptable paper-bound edition of one of the most successful novels of our day.

Woman with the Fan (The). By Robert Hichens. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 316 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Hichens can never be anything but clever, but even he (after the manner of duller Englishmen) presents a stupid caricature where he fancies he has drawn the portrait of an American. However, Miss Schley is not the central figure of his picture of modern London society. In Lady Holme he has made an altogether successful study. Indeed, the naturalness of all his other characters shows the master hand. The book is brilliant and subtle by turns, and most dramatic where its scenes border on the scandalous. For while its motive is rather spiritual than otherwise—the dominance of the soul over physical charm—there is in it still a good deal of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

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Sweet Spring full of sweet days and roses. A box where sweets compacted lie.

—Geo. Herbert.

Spring opens wide
Her casements now,
And winged blossoms
Perch on every bough.

—Old Rhyme.

Like a Glimpse Through the Window of Spring

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

As sweet as honeyed blossoms; as exquisite as nectared fruits; as delicate as the fragrance of the opening buds.

A confection to be served alone or with dessert; at the luncheon or dinner; with a sherbet or ice; with beverage or fruit. The crowning touch to the afternoon tea or tete-a-tete luncheon. To be had in Vanilla, Chocolate, Lemon, Orange and Mint.

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THE OUTLOOK WANT DEPARTMENT

is of great assistance to Outlook readers seeking *Positions* or *Business Opportunities*, or looking for *Help* in all the better grades. An advertisement in The Outlook Want Department is almost certain to bring results. *The rate for notices in this Department is* Five Cents *for each word or initial, address included. Orders should be sent (with remittance) at least ten days prior to publication.*

WANTED—By a trained and experienced woman, a position to teach Biblical literature in a college or private school for the autumn of 1904. The best of references given. Address C. E. G., No. 561, Outlook.

FAMILIES and institutions in need of housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, companions, etc., address Miss Richards, 48 Lloyd Ave., Providence, R. I.

A good position is always open for a competent man. His difficulty is to find it. We have openings for high-grade men in all capacities—Executive, Technical, and Clerical—paying from $1,000 to $10,000 a year. "Right places for right men. Right men for right places." Write for plan and booklet. Hapgoods (Inc.), Suite 511, 309 Broadway, New York.

WANTED—Teachers, clergymen, and other educated men of business ability to *represent us; weekly salary or guarantee* paid. Give age, qualifications, references. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"NEW York Service Company" transacts all kinds of business for persons living out of town. We buy or sell for you; do errands; "find out things;" do whatever you want done here, often better than you could do it yourself. Charges moderate. Write, as above, inclosing postage, 874 Broadway, New York.

POSITION as a boy's guide and tutor, by Princeton University student. Experienced traveler, of correct habits and good address. References. No. 8,815, The Outlook.

SHORTHAND, English, etc., by correspondence. Prepare for positions next season. Free first lessons. Miss Brigham, 308 Boylston St., Boston.

WANTED—All interested in Domestic Science to send for a list of books to Whitcomb and Barrows, Huntington Chambers, Boston.

PRONOUNCE correctly. Game fifty cents. Send stamp for information. Chas. Harris, Oxford, Mass.

SITUATION wanted as matron in school—near Boston preferred—for next fall where services are not needed during summer. Trained, experienced. No. 769, The Outlook.

TEACHER desires summer employment; teaching preferred. Miss Linthicum, Gaithersburg, Maryland.

YOUNG woman desires summer work as companion or *tutor*. Bryn Mawr graduate. References. No. 387, The Outlook.

EDINBURGH—Boarding establishment, central, comfortable, refined home. Moderate, day or week. American references. 69 Leamington Terrace.

TUTOR.—Vassar graduate with six years experience in college preparatory work wishes to tutor during the summer. Latin preferred. References exchanged. Address No. 9,981, The Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate, young lady, desires position as secretary, or as teacher of physical culture alone or in conjunction with other branches. References. Address No. 665, The Outlook.

EXPERIENCED stenographer desires permanent position. No. 695, *Outlook*.

WILL some Christian family give a home with slight remuneration for services during summer to a refined woman in great need? For particulars address No. 1,097, Outlook.

WANTED—By young woman of refinement, a position to care for invalid. Best of references. Address No. 1,107, The Outlook.

YOUNG *man, thirty-one, instructor in* manual training school, desires position with exhibitor at St. Louis during July and August. Address No. 1,111, The Outlook.

PARTNER wanted. Established business, poultry and gardening. $7,000 invested. Integrity and capital required. References. No. 1,113, The Outlook.

TRAINED kindergartner, experienced, wishes engagement for next fall. School or family. Basket weaving, sewing. References. No. 1,211, The Outlook.

COLLEGE graduate desires position for summer as resident tutor; experienced; excellent references. No. 1,209, The Outlook.

WANTED—A house mother for a Fresh Air Home. Apply The Jacob A. Riis Settlement, 48 Henry St., New York.

YALE graduate, experienced teacher, desires employment during summer vacation. Address No. 1,235, The Outlook.

WANTED—Summer position by experienced masseuse, to accompany lady abroad, or to chaperon young girls. References, Rev. Dr. Randolph McKim and Dr. J. Taber Johnson. For particulars address Miss Earnest, The Ethelhurst, Washington, D. C.

EDUCATED gentlewoman desires position as companion to elderly lady. Experienced, good reader, musical. Reference, Archbishop of Montreal, Canada. Grant, 29 South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

MONTCLAIR—55 So. Mountain Ave., completely furnished for summer. Best neighborhood, high ground, shade, garden with summer-house.

PRINCETON student wants position as tutor of preparatory school subjects in private family. No. 1,087, The Outlook.

TWO ladies, teachers, desire positions as companion, mother's helper, or charge of house and children during July and August. Highest references. No. 1,051, The Outlook.

PRIVATE Secretary.—Young man of 26 years, university education, 4 years' varied experience (post-collegiate), desires position as secretary. References. No. 1,053, The Outlook.

WANTED—Position as housekeeper or companion by trustworthy woman of education and refinement, thoroughly competent. Age thirty-nine. Satisfactory references. Address No. 1,015, The Outlook.

WANTED—A strong, reliable woman to act as nurse for child a year old. Permanent home if willing to make herself useful. Address, stating references, K, Library Building, *Indianapolis, Ind.*

POSITION as assistant to Superintendent of College, Hospital, or Institution. Reference forwarded. Address No. 1,017, The Outlook.

TO Let, Furnished Apartment on Brooklyn Heights for the summer. Six rooms and bath, all light. Elevator, telephone, hot water supply. Address Woodruff, 53 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

COLLEGE graduate, experienced teacher, seeks position for the coming school year. References. Address Miss Norris, Samuel Ready School, Baltimore, Md.

HAMILTON College graduate will travel abroad as companion and tutor. References. Adrian Courtenay, Washington, Conn.

RENT, July and August. Furnished house; shady lawn; thirty minutes from city. Thirty dollars a month. Clericus, 25 Clinton Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.

TO Rent, pleasant cottage on Fishers' Island; six rooms, furnished. $150 for season. Address F. Farrar, 4756 Vincennes Ave., Chicago.

UNIVERSITY professor, as boys' guide or tutor during summer. Address No. 1,035, The Outlook.

HARVARD graduate student, tutoring for University entrance examinations; also tutoring during the summer. References. Address No. 1,027, The Outlook.

WANTED—A college graduate with experience in boys' club work for position of Governor in an educational institution. Highest references necessary. For particulars apply to Prof. H. L. Sabsovich, Woodbine, New Jersey.

A position now open—Manager $2,000; bookkeeper $1,200; salesman $1,500; secretary $1,000. Write for free booklet of open positions. Business Opportunity Co., 1 Union Square, New York.

LIBRARIAN (lady) wishing practice in hearing and speaking German, desires board in a German family during two months in the summer. Address No. 1,109, Outlook.

ORGANIST.—Lady, studying in New York, desires church position in or within fifty miles of city. Object, organ practice. Excellent experienced musician. References. Miss Donham, 59 West 96th St., N. Y. City.

RETIRED teacher would like some position where energy and business ability would be desirable. No. 1,103, The Outlook.

YOUNG lady, cultured and refined, desires position as companion. Highest testimonials. Address No. 1,237, The Outlook.

SUMMER teaching; Wellesley graduate, *most successful in preparing for college examinations*, will tutor during summer—will travel, or take entire charge of pupils in country. No. 1,127, The Outlook.

WANTED—Mother's helper, summer and fall. Upper Michigan. Children aged fifteen, eight, and three, also infant. Refined, energetic woman desired. References exchanged. State wages expected. Address No. 311, The Outlook.

CORNELL student desires summer position as governess or companion. Ida Rosbrook, 512 Stewart Ave., Ithaca, N. Y.

A WIDOW wishes to chaperon a young girl desirous of spending next winter in New York. Home and social advantages exceptional. Best references mutually essential. Address No. 8,901, The Outlook.

SHOPPING—Samples sent. Orders filled promptly. Suits and hats to order. Highest references. M. W. Wightman & Co., 44 West 22d St., New York.

NURSE—Refined, trained nurse wanted to travel three months in Europe for part of *her expenses. Write or call on C. W.* Williams, 201 Clarendon St., Boston.

NURSERY governess wanted July 1, to care for six-year-old girl. Must be experienced in kindergarten and primary grade work. Sewing required. Summers spent on Maine coast, winters in Michigan. Address No. 821, The Outlook.

COLONIAL Mansion, commanding extensive view; pure air; quiet. Ninety minutes from New York. Four or five adult paying guests. References. No. 819, The Outlook.

TEACHERS, Principals, Governesses—immediate vacancies and for September. Fall orders being received. Communicate now in time for annual bulletin. Schermerhorn Teachers' Agency, 3 East Fourteenth Street, New York City.

STAMP collecting, fascinating, instructive. 100 varieties, foreign 10c. Mason & Co., LeDroit Building, Washington, D. C.

BRYN Mawr graduate desires position for the summer as companion. No. 1,133, The Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher (lady) desires position in city or country for the summer. References exchanged. No. 1,091, The Outlook.

WANTED by young woman of refinement, position as nursery governess. Four years' experience with children. Simple kindergarten methods; nature studies specialty. No. 1,093, The Outlook.

GIRL desiring to enter college this fall *wishes position for the summer, as compan*ion or mother's helper; has had experience with children. References. Address No. 1,121, The Outlook.

POSITION wanted as (traveling) companion to middle-aged or elderly lady by young college graduate. References. Address No. 1,105, The Outlook.

WANTED—Young, active Protestant woman for head nurse in institution near New York, for children under two years of age. Must be capable of directing assistants. Apply, giving references, to No. 1,123, The Outlook.

COURIER or chaperon. Young woman, experienced traveler, will accompany family or small private party abroad. References. No. 1,131, The Outlook.

WANTED—A reliable man of ability for permanent employment in local territory in connection with our New and Enlarged Edition of Webster's International Dictionary. Good income for steady worker. Address, with references, G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

WANTED by a graduate nurse, position as matron of a small hospital or orphans' home. No. 1,119, The Outlook.

WILL tutor, care for children, chaperon young girls, do companion or secretary work; experienced young teacher. No. 1,125, The Outlook.

LADY of character and individuality desires position as companion to some lady of means, more fond of places and things than of persons. Address No. 1,117, The Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher of Latin, Greek, and English desires position in select school for boys. E. N. L., 618 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED—Position as assistant housekeeper or assistant in hotel office. Experienced. Good accountant. Miss Chichester, 422 West 20th St., New York.

For other Want advertisements see second page following.

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Say!!

do you know even farmers with their healthy outdoor life are often seriously hurt by

COFFEE?

It's a fact. Ask any regular coffee drinker if he is *entirely well*. Few, if any, are, because coffee congests the liver and causes all sorts of nervous and stomach troubles. It's easy to prove by quitting and taking on POSTUM FOOD COFFEE.

A return to health is natural and very sure unless other troubles interfere.

"There's a reason" for

POSTUM

The only dog proof lid

For Garbage

open cans are unsanitary—offensive.

Witt's Corrugated Can

has close-fitting lid, shuts in all odor. Impossible for dogs to scatter contents. Made of steel, galvanized. Will outwear two of any other can. See that "Witt's Corrugated Can" is stamped in the lid. Get "*Witt's Pail*" for carrying garbage.

Ask your dealer, if he hasn't it, write us.

THE WITT CORNICE CO., Dept. 0, Cincinnati, O.

PRICES REDUCED ON Suits, Skirts, and Jackets

MADE TO YOUR ORDER

Nothing Ready-Made

$10.00	Suits now		$7.50
20.00	"	"	15.00
30.00	"	"	22.50
40.00	"	"	30.00
$ 5.00	Skirts now		$3.75
8.00	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	9.00
20.00	"	"	15.00

Prices also Reduced on Jackets, Traveling Suits, Rain Coats, etc.

We Prepay Express Charges to Any Part of the United States

We wish to reduce our stock of summer materials, and will therefore make to order, **for a few weeks only,** any of our Suits, Skirts, or Jackets at **one-fourth less than catalogue prices.** Write at once; the choicest samples will be selected first.

ORDERS FILLED IN ONE WEEK

We have a splendid line of mohairs, brilliantines, etamines, voiles, light-weight broadcloths, etc., particularly adapted for summer wear, as well as tweeds, mannish mixtures, and other firmer materials for traveling dresses and walking suits. We do not carry wash goods nor make silk shirt-waist suits.

We keep nothing ready-made, but make every garment to order

Our fifteen years' experience in the making of garments to order from measurements sent us by mail has enabled us to perfect our system so that **we guarantee to fit you.** Any garment that fails to give entire satisfaction may be returned promptly and we will refund your money. **You take no risk whatever.**

We have satisfied over 180,000 customers and feel sure that we can please YOU.

A lady who has ordered from us for five years writes as follows: "I am more than pleased with the fit and workmanship of my suit. It is almost five years since I sent my first order to you and every suit received has been perfectly satisfactory. I might mention especially that the materials have always proven their qualities by good condition after the hardest wear. Shall always be pleased to recommend you."

Write to-day for **samples of materials** and **Catalogue No. 49**—sent FREE by return mail to any part of the United States. If possible, mention the colors you desire, and we will select and send you samples of exactly what you wish.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT CO.

119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City

Mail Orders Only. *No Agents or Branches.*

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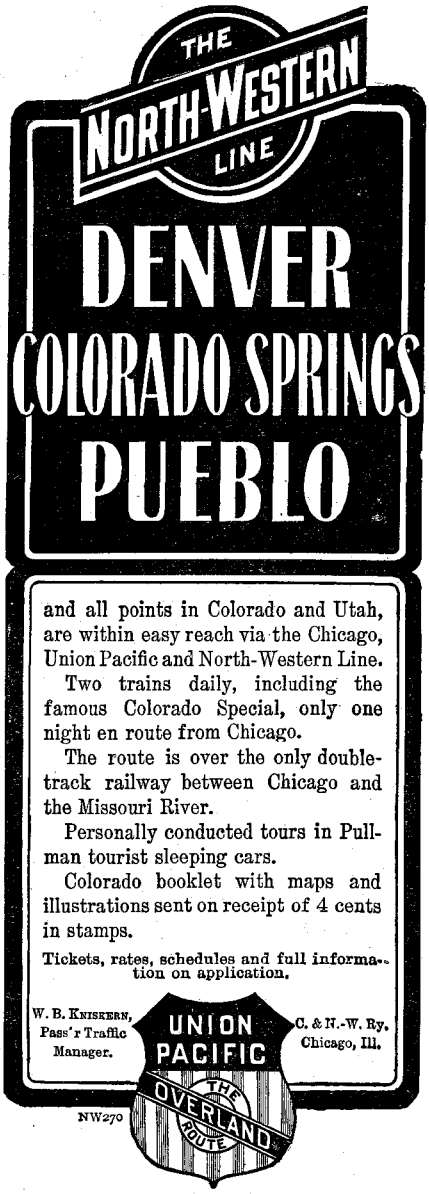
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COLORADO SPRINGS
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and all points in Colorado and Utah, are within easy reach via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western Line.
Two trains daily, including the famous Colorado Special, only one night en route from Chicago.
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MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER
For the Handkerchief, Toilet, and Bath

Country Property and Summer Cottages also REAL ESTATE

The Outlook proves a most profitable advertising medium for this class of business.

We will gladly send to any one interested a circular giving full information regarding expense of advertising Real Estate and Country Property in The Outlook.

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ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

TARTAN PILLS cure Constipation, Bilious and Liver Complaints, Flatulence, Indigestion, and regulate the Bowels. 25c. a bottle, postpaid.
THE TARTARLITHINE CO., 79 Ann St., N. Y.

Mr. B. RILEY, Grenada, Col., April 20, 1900, writes: I have used Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge in my family for several years, and find it an excellent remedy for worms, and A FINE TONIC.
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT—the Cough cure—
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE, ALWAYS.
Remington Typewriter
327 Broadway, New York.

GEORGE N. MORANG & CO., Ltd., of Toronto, have the exclusive agency in Canada for the books published by the Outlook Company.

Genuine Pre-historic STONE and FLINT IMPLEMENTS for sale. Send 10c. for a nice arrow point, or a flint knife, or a notched scraper, or an old shell wampum, mailed free with our catalogue of 100 illustrations. J. R. NISSLEY, Ada, Ohio.

THE OUTLOOK WANT DEPARTMENT

FOR Rent—Small furnished cottage, modern conveniences, at Bennington Centre, Vt. Address Miss J. A. Valentine, Bennington, Vermont.

COLORADO teacher, Latin, mathematics, English, desires position. Graduate student University of Chicago. No. 1,285, The Outlook.

YOUNG lady as mother's helper in family with one to three children. $25. No. 1,293, The Outlook.

EXPERIENCED kindergartner and primary teacher desires classes in country after June 4. Address No. 1,095, Outlook.

WANTED—Investor to investigate legitimate business proposition requiring $500 to $1,000. Immense field; good profits. References. No. 1,283, The Outlook.

ANY lady, perhaps rather elderly, or not very strong, who wishes she had in her family a cheery, active gentlewoman for company and aid in light ways, please address at once No. 1,291, The Outlook.

FOR sale—Brown mare, black points, age 5, sound, very kind and intelligent, good driver, stands well, splendid animal for family use. $175. I. D. R. Collins, Barton Landing, Vermont.

WANTED—An efficient associate for well-established business in Manhattan. Investment required $5,000, guaranteed; adequate salary. S. Henry, 3 Union Square.

GOVERNESSES, companions; desirable engagements; city, Philadelphia, Newport, Europe (Paris); salaries $30 to $125 monthly; traveling companion, teachers, assistants (summer positions); house manager; kindergartner wanted. Miss Hopkins' Agency, Lincoln Building, 1 Union Square. Telephone 4,923 Gramercy.

For other Want advertisements see second page preceding.

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Your Summer Plans

may perhaps be more easily arranged if you will let The Outlook Recreation Department assist you.

Write stating section you desire to learn about and the price you wish to pay for hotel accommodations.

The service is free and the answer comes by early mail prepaid. Address

THE OUTLOOK RECREATION DEPARTMENT
287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Reduced Rates to Atlantic City

VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD, ACCOUNT MEETINGS AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AND AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MEDICINE

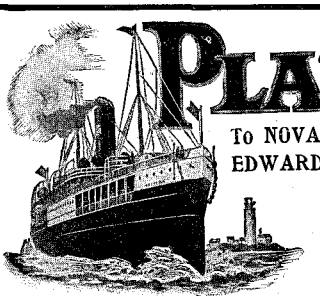
For the benefit of those desiring to attend the meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City, June 7 to 10, and the session of the American Academy of Medicine at the same place, June 4 and 6, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Atlantic City from all stations on its lines west of Downingtown and Avondale, north of Parker Ford, south of Newark and Porter, Del., and north and east of Trenton, Windsor, and Toms River, N. J., exclusive, at rate of *single fare plus $1.00 for the round trip.* Tickets will be sold June 1, 2, 3, 5, and 6, good returning leaving Atlantic City June 4 to 13, inclusive. Tickets will be good to stop over at Philadelphia on going trip within limit of June 6, and at Philadelphia and Baltimore, on return trip within the final limit on deposit at stop-over point. All tickets must be deposited immediately on arrival at Morris Guards' Armory, 12 South New York Avenue, Atlantic City. Regular excursion tickets at usual rates will be sold from the points named above and from all intermediate points to Atlantic City.

Summer Excursions

Via Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," to the Thousand Islands, Adirondacks, White Mountains, Catskills, Lake George and Lake Champlain, the New England Coast, etc., the Michigan Central's Vacation Tours for 1904 will be found a great help in planning the Summer holiday. Illustrated, with full information regarding routes and rates. Ready in May. Address, with three red stamps, O. W. Ruggles, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

Colorado and Return via Union Pacific

Every day from June 1st to Sept. 30th, inclusive, with final return limit Oct. 31st, 1904, from St. Louis $25.00; Chicago $30.00, with correspondingly low rates from other points. Be sure your ticket reads over this line. Inquire of E. L. Lomax, G. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.



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To NOVA SCOTIA, CAPE BRETON, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, and NEWFOUNDLAND

Delightful trips varying from "one night at sea" to a six days' cruise including short deep sea voyage, sail the entire Nova Scotia Coast, through the Straits of Canso. **The Celebrated Bras d'Or Lake Route, New Steamer, Daylight Service.** Weekly sailings till June 14, then two trips per week. Best salmon and trout fishing. Send stamp for booklet, colored maps, etc.

J. A. FLANDERS, General Agent, Plant Line, Union Wharf, Boston, Mass.

Summer Homes in Vermont

LAKE CHAMPLAIN and THE GREEN MOUNTAINS

Illustrated Book with complete list of hotels and boarding houses. Board $4.00 per week and upward. Mailed for 6c. postage.

A. W. ECCLESTONE, S. P. A.
C. V. Ry., 385 Broadway, N. Y.

There is no Place like Home

Old Home Week and Champlain Ter-Centenary Celebration June 20 to 27 at St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, should not be missed.

ENTERTAINMENTS WILL BE OUT OF THE ORDINARY

Don't fail to get booklets and full information from

SEC'Y NEW BRUNSWICK TOURIST ASS'N
St. John, N. B., Canada

Cut rates on all Transportation lines June 20 to July 2.

MAINE and NEW HAMPSHIRE RESORTS

For illustrated printed matter address
F. E. BOOTHBY, G. P. A.
MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD, Portland, Maine

If you want to buy or rent a farm, camp, cottage, or other property for a summer home write us your requirements.

CITY PROPERTY

Broadway Property
Between Grand and Houston

Land comprises 10,000 sq. ft., or 4 full lots; is entirely covered by a substantial building of six stories and two basements; in excellent condition. Price $500,000, half cash. Address OWNER, Lock Box 198, Yonkers, N. Y.

THERE IS ONE VACANCY in the European Vacation Party of Miss Mason's School The Castle, Tarrytown, N.Y., which sails June 18th and visits 8 countries. Itin'y on application. References required.

Two Vacancies in small private party of cultured people visiting Europe this coming summer. Attractive route, including Bayreuth. Full information upon request. No 1,277, The Outlook.

Ansonia Hotel, Broadway 73d St., New York.—Sublet June to October—sitting room, bedroom, bath; furnished. Overlooking Hudson River. Delightfully cool. Rent nominal. Mrs. C. B. SMITH.

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The "LAND OF EVANGELINE" in

Nova Scotia

The Delightful Vacation Land of America

Reached by the DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY LINE from Boston. Three palatial twin-screw, nineteen-knot steamers, "Prince George," "Prince Arthur," and "Boston," in service present season.

PRESENT SAILINGS. Steamer leaves Boston, Long Wharf (foot State St.), Tuesday and Friday, 2 P.M.
DAILY SERVICE begins about June 30.

UNDER 14 HOURS FROM BOSTON

For full information as to sailings, rates, etc., also delightfully written guide-book entitled "The Land of Evangeline and Gateways Thither," mailed free, write to J. F. MASTERS. New England Supt., Long Wharf, Boston, Mass.

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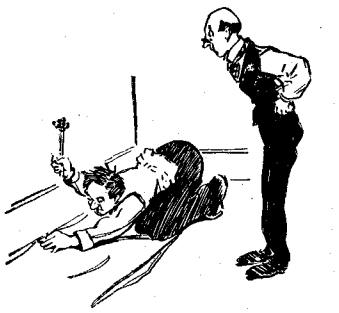

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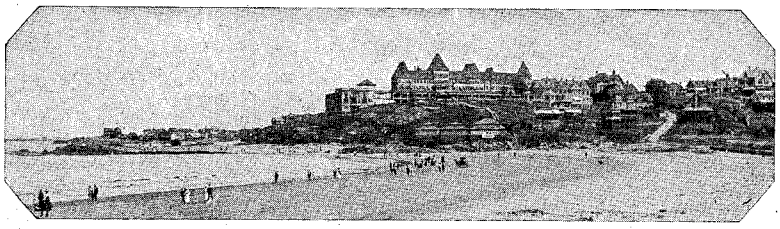

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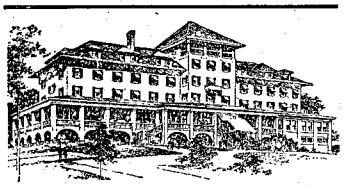

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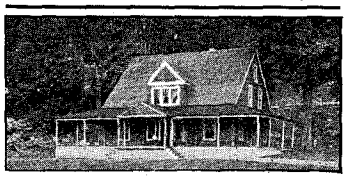
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PARSONS FARM
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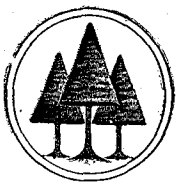

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